Life of Fortuny

Baron Davillier

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FORTUNY.

WORKS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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LIFE OF

FORTUNY

WITH HIS

WORKS AND CORRESPONDENCE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

BARON DAVILLIER,

WITH NOTES AND REMINISCENCES

BY A FRIEND.

PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER & COATES.
1885.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE been singularly happy in enjoying the friendship of one of the greatest artists of our day; untimely stricken down at the early age of thirty-six, just as a new phase of his marvelous genius burst forth. The press of both worlds has for months unanimously mourned his great and early loss; there has been much written about Fortuny, and I have collected more than a hundred articles hurriedly published by those who did not know or were only slightly acquainted with him. I feel I cannot do justice to a talent which has given a new movement and feeling to the artistic world. But I will try to show the man and artist as he was. In this I have been aided by most of his friends, and to them I feel the expression of my thanks is due. First I name his earliest instructors,

M. Claudio Lorenzale and M. Buenaventura Palau, whom he tenderly loved, and who have honored me with their friendship. MM. Domingo Talarn, Escriu, his brother-in-law, Juan Roig y Soler, Domingo Soberano, have also kindly given me most reliable information. I can say the same of his friends and companions at Rome: Simonetti, d'Épinay Moragas, Tapiró, Ferrandiz, also of MM. W. H. Stewart, De Goyena, Rico, and De Madrazo, his brother-in-law, who have kindly handed me letters of their friend. I have translated them, as well as those he addressed to me, and I trust their publication will give pleasure, as they will aid in making him better known, who gained so much by being well known. Madame Fortuny has also greatly assisted me, and I beg her to accept this dedication to her of my work, as a feeble tribute to the memory of a friend whom I shall never forget.

BARON DAVILLIER.

I.

FORTUNY.

CHILDHOOD OF FORTUNY—HIS DEBUT AT REUS, 1838. HE STARTS WITH HIS GRANDFATHER FOR BARCELONA—HE FOLLOWS THE COURSES AT THE ACADEMIE DE BELLAS ARTES, AND ENTERS THE STUDIO OF CLAUDIO LORENZALE—HIS VARIOUS WORKS—DRAWINGS ON WOOD, LITHOGRAPHY, ETC—INSURRECTION AT BARCELONA—THE PROVINCIAL TOWN COUNCIL FOUNDS A LIVING AT ROME FOR YOUNG PAINTERS—FORTUNY OBTAINS THE PRIZE—HE STARTS FOR ROME.

REUS is a small town in the Province of Tarragona, three leagues from the old Roman city. The admirable fertility of the soil, and its industrious inhabitants, a strong and laborious people, make it one of the most prosperous centres in Catalonia.

Mariano Fortuny was born at Reus, June 11th, 1838,* at six in the morning, No. 36

* Here is the literal translation of his baptismal certificate, which I have in my hand :—"11th June, 1838

Street of Arrabal de Robuster. He first went to a primary school, kept by D. Siméon Fort—Plaza del Castillo.

"I was his school-fellow," M. Juan Roig y Soler, de Barcelona, writes to me, "and I remember that even then he amused himself by making drawings for his playmates; his master often reprimanded him when he found him drawing instead of writing. At this time I think he had not had one lesson in drawing."

His grandfather, who was also named Mariano Fortuny, a cabinet maker by trade, a good and handy workman, had a cabinet of moving wax figures with which he made the circuit of Tarragona and Lérida. The young Mariano assisted his grandfather, of whom he was very fond; sometimes when

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at the baptismal font of the Parish Church of St. Peter the Apostle, of the Town of Reus, Archbishopric of Tarragona—Mariano José-Maria Bernardo was solemnly baptized by me, the Licentiate, Juan Yxart, Parish Priest of this Church. He was born at six o'clock, this morning. His parents were the married couple, Mariano Fortuny, cabinet maker, and his wife, Teresa Marsal.

[Signed] JUAN YXART."

he spoke to me about him he would be ready to burst into tears. It never entered into his head to blush at these childish remembrances, and often dwelt on them in talking with his intimate friends. I remember the last time we traveled together (it was in London, June 4th, 1874); we had gone to the wax works of Madame Tussaud, as we descended the stairs he slapped me on the shoulder and said, laughingly: "There was a time when I did just such work." He told his friends other stories of his boyhood; for instance, it sometimes happened that he was compelled to sleep under the tables of the fish market, and that he was dreadfully frightened when the watchman went by, or dogs came too near him.

Towards 1847, when he was hardly nine years old, he left the primary school and soon entered a public school of design, about that time opened at Reus.

Shortly afterwards, M. Domingo Soberano, who had a decided taste for painting, took him with him and fostered his draw-

ing talent. During many years Mariano spent hours every day with the young amateur painter. Among the pictures which at twelve years old he had painted, a certain number of *ex-voto* might be found which he had done in order to gain a little money—the greater part of them representing "Notre Dame de Misericordia de Reus." An amateur of Barcelona has one representing a ship. Later, in memory of these works of his boyhood, he amused himself by painting one in caricature, and showed it to me in his studio.

At the age of fourteen Fortuny left Reus for Barcelona, accompanied by his grandfather, whose ambition was to see him a student at the academy. My regretted friend told me this journey was a long and fatiguing one, because, for economy's sake, instead of going by diligence they walked the whole distance, more than sixty miles. The good old man had placed his grandson under the care of M. Roig y Soler, who presented him to the statuary, M. Domingo Talarn. This was in September, 1852.

Three small works of his were shown to this artist, one of which was "A Pilgrim," well known throughout the country, showing a small chapel (one of those called in Spain, *Santeros*, or shrines), the other two were landscapes, telling him they were done by a poor orphan boy. Astonished by his precocious talent, M. Talarn endeavored to enable him to enter the academy. He succeeded, thanks to the assistance of P. Man Font and of two priests, one of whom, M. Felipe Vergés, is still living. From the 1st of January, 1853, until the beginning of the year 1857, they paid his board, 160 *reaux*, or 42 francs per month, in addition to the expense of teaching.

On the 3d of October, 1853, the young Mariano was placed on the rolls of the *Academia de Bellas Artes* de Barcelona, following the regular course until the end of the year 1856. He worked at the same time in the studio of M. Claudio Lorenzale, a distinguished painter of the school of Overbeck; during his life he had a lively recollection of his first master, and never

failed mentioning him when telling of his early struggles, and it is to his introduction I owe the kind reception M. Lorenzale extended to me in Barcelona. M. Pablo Milá y Fontanals was Professor of æsthetics and composition at the academy. Sometimes he made his pupils the judges—the one of the other—of their productions, and reminded them (referring to Fortuny) of the *bon mot* of Haydn speaking of Mozart: "This young man will astonish us all." This expressed opinion caused great jealousy in the academy, to such an extent, that M. Milá resigned, to the great regret of his pupils, who presented him with an album as a mark of their esteem.

But the monthly allowance the young painter received did not suffice for his maintenance; to add to his poor income, he colored photographs, and made designs for architects and jewelers, and occasionally, portraits. Early on Sunday mornings, he drew from nature, in the environs of the town. His companion on these occasions was our mutual friend, José Tapiró. One

morning he called for him as early as five o'clock, and found him asleep, with the door open. "Don't let us shut it," said Fortuny to him, "let us see if the thieves know where our money is; as for us, we know nothing about it." Another day, when they and other friends went on a boating excursion outside the Môle, and all, with the exception of Tapiró, had jumped overboard, Fortuny, who had become almost exhausted, would certainly have drowned, had not his friend brought the boat to his rescue, and caught him by the hair.

In 1854 the cholera appeared in Barcelona. Fortuny went to Reus, thence to Berga, and to Queralt, in one of the most mountainous parts of Catalonia, to-day in the possession of the Carlists. On his return to Barcelona, thanks to the influence of M. Talarn, church-warden of *San Augustin*, he received, on the occasion of the *fêtes* of the Immaculate Conception, the order for a *Gloire*, intended to cover the whole front of the high altar. This vast compo-

sition, which he painted in distemper, helped in the technical work by the advice of a scene-painter, showed God the Father, surrounded by a great number of angels. It no longer exists (I believe it was destroyed by a fire), but M. Galceran, of Barcelona, has a sketch of it, one metre wide. This painting was much admired, and its success suggested to the Town Council the idea (realized a little later) of founding a Prize at Rome for the encouragement of young artists. The next year he painted, at Barcelona, a canvas, 1.20 metre high by 0.80 wide, *L'Apparition de la Vierge de la Misericorde*, with seven medalions surrounding it, representing works of mercy. He gave it to M. Soberano, of Reus, who still owns it.

This year, 1855, Fortuny first saw lithographs by Gavarni, a series of six standing figures, published in 1853, called *Célébrités contemporaines*, among others, of Descamps, J. B. Isabey, Alfred de Musset. These drawings, stamped with life-like proof, much impressed the young artist,

and he frequently copied them, which caused much talk in the academy and made him the butt of his fellow-students. Shortly afterwards one of his friends lent him some other lithographs of Gavarni, all of 1853. These new drawings increased his resolve to seek in every direction—at the theatre, and during his promenades—characters and scenes of every-day life. This was what he called "fishing for types" (*pescar tipos*). He filled his albums with these, and there are but few among his friends of this epoch who have not one or more of these sketches. In 1855 he painted for the *Academie Salon* a grand work, *St. Paul speaking before the Court of Athens*, and the following year *Charles of Anjou on the Beach at Naples, watching the Burning of his Ships*, by Roger De Lauria. I have seen a sketch of it in the studio of M. Lorenzale. Nothing in these compositions, nor in the drawings and lithographs, of which I shall soon speak, indicated that original talent which later compelled admiration.

During the insurrection of Barcelona in

1856, Fortuny was in great danger. The Street of *San Rafael*, where he lived, was held by the mob. But that did not hinder his drawing; he went out on a balcony to see better. A *Mozo de la Escuadra* fired at him, and he heard the whistling of the balls. The house was soon in the possession of the insurgents; it was riddled by the balls of the troops, and the occupants had but just time to escape. After this sad business he was much discouraged, and thought so lightly of his works that he wanted to burn them, and let whoever would, have his albums and drawings, saying to his grandfather, "Since he destroyed his children, there is nothing left for me but to eat mine," and took in his arms one of the waxen figures, and sold it to buy dinner.

On the 24th of November of the same year, he began to prepare for a competition offered by the Provincial Council for the prize of a pensioner at Rome. It was about this time that he drew on wood, for the *Galéria Seráfica* or *Vida de San Francisco de Asis*, a certain number of subjects, after

Viladomat, representing scenes in the life of this saint. Passing from sacred to profane, he made ten lithographs for a translation of *Les Trois hommes Forts*, a romance by Alexander Dumas, *fils*, published at Barcelona in 1857, octavo size, under the name of *El Mendigo hipócrita* (The Hypocritical Beggar). These plates did not show that power of illustrating that he afterwards possessed. To make amends, there is a very interesting one, called *El Conde Fédérico*, for it is the likeness of the artist at eighteen years of age. Many a time he said to me, speaking of what he called "the follies of his youth," that he would be glad if all were destroyed. There were other lithographs he would not show me. Let us further mention some drawings he made of *Don Quixote*, which have not been engraved, among them the episode of the windmills; others for a religious work, and a large drawing, which has been engraved *en taille douce* at Barcelona in 1858 by E. Lechard. This plate is 50 centimetres high by 33 in width, and is called *Milagrosa*

imagen de la Santisima Virgen de Queralt, Patrona y singular Protectora de la Real Villa de Berga. In the foreground a shepherd in ecstasy, and a crowned woman holding the shield of Berga; in the distance a hermitage on the summit of a mountain, and above, a *gloire* with a choir of angels surrounding the *Virgen de Queralt*, richly dressed in the style of the Spanish virgins. He made yet another drawing, which was engraved at Madrid in 1858 by Domingo Martinez, for the diploma of a member of the Academy of San Miguel, founded by P. Claret, of which the object in view was, the "Triumph of Religion by the aid of Art." I have not seen this engraving, but M. Lorenzale writes me it was an allegorical design with many figures: In the middle, the Immaculate Conception; above, the Trinity; at the feet of the Virgin, a choir of Angels and Saints; below, a grand Gothic doorway, with *Saint Michel*, etc.

On the 6th of March, 1857, the *Prix de Rome* was unanimously given to Fortuny. The subject of the competition was "Ray-

mond III nailing the arms of Barcelona on the tower of the Castle of Foix."*

The pension granted was 8000 reaux (about 2080 frs. a year); for two years the pensioner engaged to send six drawings from nature, one copy in oil of an old master; in the last month of the term, six similar figures and a painting in oil, the subject to be taken from the history of Catalonia. The young laureat was informed he could leave for Rome, but private reasons obliged him to defer his departure. His grandfather, whom he looked upon as a father, was dangerously ill, nor could he leave until he had served his turn as a conscript, nor had he wherewith to hire a substitute. His grandfather asked the Council to provide the necessary security, without which he could not start, but he could

* (Barcelona, 1857, 2 vols. in 8vo.) This contains 50 engravings on wood, after pictures painted for the Convent of *San Francisco* by Antonio Viladomat, of Barcelona (1673–1755). Fortuny, one day, looking at these engravings with me, said he could not recollect those of which he had made wood-cuts.

not obtain it. Fortuny determined to go to Reus, where he painted portraits in oil, to obtain a sum sufficient to pay the expense of the journey, and leave something with his grandfather. Finally, the Council, on the 12th of September, advanced him three months pay, and M. Andrés de Bofarull, his fellow-citizen, lent him 6000 reaux —the cost of a substitute. He then bade adieu to his relations and friends, and started for Rome, on the 14th of March, 1858.

II.

1858—1863.

Arrival of Fortuny—His Letter to M. Lorenzale—His First Works and What He Sent. He Becomes an Habitué of the Academy of Gigi—Death of His Grandfather—The Town Council of Barcelona Propose That He Should Accompany the Spanish Army on Its Expedition to Maroc—Arrival of Fortuny at Tétouan—Battle of Wad-Ras (Tétouan)—The Danger He Runs—He is Taken by the Moors of Riff—His Studies on the Battle-field—The Town Council Congratulate Him at Rome—Fortuny's Answer—His Second Journey to Maroc—He Returns to Rome, having Made a Visit to Barcelona and Reus.

FORTUNY arrived at Rome March 19th, 1858. The next day he wrote to his grandfather, informing him of his safe arrival. "Rome," he said in his letter, "has affected me as a vast cemetery visited by strangers." Neither did he forget his pro-

fessor. "Although still very young," wrote the latter to me (he was not yet twenty), "he had already determined on his career." The following letter in my possession, written some weeks later to M. Lorenzale, justifies the opinion he had of his pupil.

ROME, *May 3d, 1858.*

MY MUCH ESTEEMED MASTER:

After saluting you, I hope this letter finds you in good health, surrounded by your dear family. I trust you will pardon me for not writing to you during the month I have passed in Rome, but I thought it better to wait, that I might give you my impressions of this great city.

What I admire above all are the frescoes of Raphael at the Vatican, particularly *Mount Parnassus*, the *School of Athens*, the *Dispute on the Holy Sacrament*, and the *Burning of Bergo*. The other masters did not impress me as I expected. What I call a well-painted picture, and which I place above all others, is a portrait of Innocent X by Velasquez.

I know that it is necessary to exercise great prudence in the choice best adapted to one's talent, for, by reason of the many opportunities one has, it is as easy to retrograde as to obtain good results. I say this, because I am discouraged by seeing how little it profits many among the painters, who pass entire months in these galleries, copying the great masters, and who afterwards do not know how to draw a face from memory. As I see things, those who profit most are the German pensioners. In general, the Spaniards paint well from life, but their compositions are altogether bad. Such is the opinion I formed of their work. Taking all this in view, I recognize the value of your advice; I hope to profit better by it, and not to lose myself in a maze of errors.

During these last few days I paid a visit to Mr. Overbeck; the porter told me I must renounce the hope of seeing him, as he was dangerously ill, and that there was but little chance of saving him, but since then I have had the satisfaction of hearing he was better. My remembrances to my fellow-stu-

dents, and the love to you of your devoted pupil, MARIANO FORTUNY.

It was at Rome the talent of this young painter began to develop itself, "and that," as M. St. Gautier justly said, "more by the blooming of his natural gifts, than by the direct influence of the great masters, whom the world goes to admire, and copies on its knees." "Don't let us in the least blame this worship," adds the critic, "but it is good sometimes to follow the bent of our own nature, and to see with one's own eyes." Fortuny adored sunlight and nature. Many a time, he told me, that after his arrival at Rome he found great difficulty in forgetting the traditions of the modern German school, the influence of which was then felt at Barcelona, and which, since then, he had to unlearn. He went to work with ardor. In this year, he found a faithful friend in Simonetti, a painter of talent, his pupil, and the companion of troublous times, and whom he had taken into his little studio. M. d'Épinay, who

was also one of his companions, tells me that after having worked all day he would go in the evening to the well-known Academy of Gigi, to make two hours study with a naked model, and two hours with the model clothed. Gigi assured M. d'Épinay that during eight years Fortuny had rarely missed an evening as to the studies he made. He thought them of so little value, that he generally left them on the drawing board, as only fit to throw in the waste basket. I remember, about 1867, seeing some twenty of these on the wall, for sale at a few francs. I bought some of them, for I imagined to what greatness the artist would arrive. At this epoch he sold his *aquarelles* for 100 francs (which he never thought good enough to be sold). One of his first pictures was bought at this price by a Russian amateur.

Seven months had already slipped by since his arrival; he then sent two pictures to M. Pedro Bover, of Reus, one representing a view of the Tiber, with the Castle of St. Angelo in the distance, the other *Né-*

réides sur un lac at the skirts of a wood. What these works might sell for was intended for his grandfather. Unhappily, the poor old man could not accustom himself to the absence of the child he loved so much, of dear *Marian*, as he called him in his Catalan dialect. He was taken sick and died on the 19th of March, 1859, a year to a day after the arrival of his grandson at Rome, and just as the latter was about to send him a *Saint Mariano*. Fortuny has often told me of the grief he felt on learning this loss. From what M. Simonetti has told me about this period, he made a painting of *Bacchantes*.

War was declared between Spain and Maroc. The Town Council of Barcelona wrote to Fortuny on the 10th of January, 1860, proposing he should go to Africa, and to paint there, while accompanying the army, studies designed as souvenirs of this campaign. The conditions were honorable to the Council, and to the pensioner. He accepted, and left by the first steamer. Shortly after his arrival at Barcelona the

Town Council, on account of his appointment, opened a credit in his favor for 45,000 *reaux* with letters of introduction to O'Donnell, Commander-in-Chief, and also for Generals Ros d'Olano, and Prim, and for a dozen other distinguished personages.

Fortuny left Barcelona on the 2d of February with M. Jaime Escriu, who remained with him during the whole campaign, and who afterwards became his brother-in-law. It is to the latter I am indebted for the particulars of this expedition, in perfect accordance with what Fortuny himself told me. After touching at Valencia, at Malaga and at Gibraltar, the two companions embarked at Alger, arrived at *Rio de Tetuan* on the 12th, and some days afterwards (not without great trouble) at the encampment of Prim, who granted to them, on their application, the permit, refused to civilians, to enter Tétouan. For some days Fortuny was steadily at work without intermission. He told me that in spite of his letters of introduction, he was in want of everything, suffering from hunger, and sleeping on the

bare ground, until he met certain Catalans, his countrymen, who procured him at once a little more comfort. On leaving Tétouan he returned to Prim's camp, and was allowed to mess with the staff, which aided him much in his work.

On the 11th of March, began the spirited affair of Samsa. Fortuny wishing to see what a battle was, advanced so far to the front, that a ball raised the dust at his feet. "Ah," said a soldier, near by, "that was meant for the painter."

Negotiations for peace having been opened, Fortuny had an opportunity, one day, of making a rapid sketch of Muley-Abbas, in the act of mounting his horse. It was soon determined that war should continue, and Fortuny was told he could leave; he replied that he would finish the work he had undertaken, and go with the army. On the 23d of March, the bloody battle of Wad-Ras was fought, the Spaniards obtaining a glorious victory. The sight of the wounded borne from the field, and the burying of the dead, deeply im-

pressed the young painter. A few days afterwards, he and his friend, having straggled from the camp, were surprised by a band of insurgent Moors, from Riff, who aimed at them and drew their yataghans. Happily M. Escriu had the presence of mind to say they were English. "*Yo Inglis!*" he cried out; and endeavored to make them understand that they were travelers from Gibraltar. The fraud was successful, and, fortunately, the Moors let them go. On returning to the camp, their adventure was much known and talked about, and later, caused the report at Barcelona and Reus, that they had been taken prisoners, and decapitated. During this first visit of two months and a half in Maroc, Fortuny made many drawings, *aquarelles*, and sketches in oil: Arabs, soldiers, Catalans, volunteers, Jews, horses, landscapes, buildings, and interiors. One day, after dinner, he drew all the officers, seated around the General's table. These sketches were afterwards of great use to him. The time had come to think of leaving.

On the 23d of April, he and his friend started, and stopped at Castillejos, where they examined the battle-field; they embarked at Ceuta, for Alicante, and reached Madrid at the same time as the staff of the army of Africa. Although suffering from a sprained foot, an accident of the 10th of March, Fortuny, from a day after his arrival, visited the environs, round which the troops were encamped, and there made many sketches, as well as one of the *Plaza de la Leña.* I was introduced by M. Augustin Rigalt to M. Federico de Madrazo, who, seven years afterwards, gave him his daughter, Cecilia, in marriage, and who much admired his studies of Maroc. Shortly after he left for Barcelona, and after stopping at Almanza, and Valencia, where he made drawings of churches, arrived in the capital of Catalonia on the eve of the *Fête-Dieu.* One day, while making one of a hunting party on the borders of Llobregat, he again sprained his foot, in jumping a brook. He had to be carried on a litter as far as the station on

the Tarragona and Barcelona Railroad. He suffered for many years from the effects of this fall. Meanwhile, the studies of Fortuny were publicly exhibited at Barcelona, and universally admired. On the 27th of June, the Town Council sent the following address to the Governor of the Province: "The Painter Fortuny has happily returned from Africa, where he collected, at the cost of great danger, and with a perseverance and zeal worthy of all praise, subjects of the highest interest, which he will doubtless use in the work the Town Council has entrusted to him. Your Excellency has seen his portfolios of sketches, souvenirs, and impressions, and will understand the great effect these drawings, so simple in appearance, will one day produce. So exactly do they show us the places where our heroic army has accomplished great deeds of arms —also the dress, character and manners of our adversaries in this African war.

"Fortuny to this time has well done his honorable task, but this is not all—in order that the young painter may finish his noble

work, for the glory and honor of his country, it is necessary his genius should feed upon, strengthen itself, and grow prolific by study of the great masters. The Town Council feels that it is needful that he should visit Paris, Munich, Berlin, Brussels, Milan, and Florence, to the end, that, throwing a rapid *coup d'œil* on their museums and artistic monuments, he can better reconcile with the principles of art, his conceptions, as yet crude. A trip of six or eight weeks, with a companion so imbued with passion for the beauties of art, will suffice to accomplish what the Town Council proposes."

This idea was only partly realized. Fortuny while returning to Rome remained some days at Paris, and visited the Museum at Versailles, to see the *Smalah*, of Horace Vernet, a painting in which he took a lively interest, because he was about commencing one on a similar subject, and of nearly the same size, by order, for the Town Council of Barcelona. On his return to Rome, he showed his friends the sketches made of his travels, which excited general admiration.

Said lately a painter, M. Vertunni, over his tomb: "Nothing could surprise us as much as did his sketches made on the battle-field. When he left us he was only a student; after a short absence, he came back a finished artist." He continued his life of constant work. His modest studio was then in the *Via di Ripetta*, near the Tiber. At the end of the year he wrote to Barcelona, asking to have his Morocco album sent to him, as well as the costumes and other things, the use of which he needed for his large painting.

In the following year, 1861, he painted a negro wearing a burnous. This canvas, superb in execution, which belongs to Mr. Stewart, shows that Fortuny had learned already to paint life-size figures. He also produced an *Odalisque*, reclining on a divan, and smoking; by her side an eunuch playing on a mandoline—an oil painting on pasteboard, which he sent to the Academy at Barcelona, where it may be seen to-day. I have yet to name, by information given me by M. Simonetti, an *aquarelle*, *The Little*

Count, a personage in the costume of the last century, in a garden. He often went to the Academy of France, as well as that of St. Luc, where he copied for one of his consignments—*A Boy* painted in fresco by Raphael. He also copied the *Lucretia* of Guido Cagnacci, in the original size; various subjects after Ribera and Bassano; the *Three Graces*, after Rubens, etc. He also made a study of the *Apparition of Marguerite to Faust* in the laboratory of Mephistopheles. He also painted a bust of himself, three-quarters life-size, with a piece of ancient tapestry thrown over the shoulder, a *Sacrifice to Bacchus*, and a number of other subjects.

To rest from his work, in the summer of 1861, he went to Florence, and visited the museums of this city with De Frances de Valles, and other countrymen, and with one of my friends, M. Cuadras, a Cuban painter. On the 3d of February, 1862, the Academy at Barcelona sent to the Town Council seventeen drawings from nature, and the copy in oil after Guido Cagnacci. This delay in

Fortuny's consignments was owing to circumstances over which he had no control, and was largely compensated by supplementary work, as he gave more than his contract called for. The Town Council of Barcelona proposed to Fortuny that he should again visit Morocco, in order to freshen his impressions and to collect new material that might prove useful. He soon sent his acceptance by the following letter to the president, accompanied by a painting:

YOUR EXCELLENCY:—

As a poor specimen of the works which I propose to paint of the war in Africa, I have the honor to offer you the accompanying picture of a domestic scene in a Morocco dwelling. If my first work meets your Excellency's approval, I beg, in the first place, you will do me the favor of accepting it as one of the small sketches representing episodes in this great contest, and to place it in the Provincial Museum, as the first offering of a Catalan painter. I beg you afterwards to procure me funds for

my journey to Africa, which will enable me to collect details, and materials, for the great picture I have already sketched out, and of which I have had the pleasure of sending a photograph to the director of the Academy, M. Claudio Lorenzale, my very distinguished and worthy master.

MARIANO FORTUNY.

Three weeks later, Fortuny received the following answer:

"The Town Council with great pride (for the fame of its *protége* is reflected on his province) accepts the painting of the *Odalisque* presented by you to the Provincial Museum of State Painting, and received, in accordance with your expressed wish, as the first work offered by a Catalan painter. The Town Council is especially well pleased to testify to you how much it is gratified by the feeling you express in your letter of February 14th, and your consenting again to return to Africa to refresh your memory for the painting of the Battle of Wad-Ras,

of which it cannot too much admire the exactness and grand composition, shown in the photograph of the sketch you forwarded through M. Lorenzale. You can always feel sure of the support of this popular assembly, which you have made always your debtor by this remarkable union of color, drawing, and composition. The Town Council, whose interest in you makes it desirous to insure your safety, feels it a paternal duty to advise your immediate departure for Africa, in order that you may gain the object for which you travel, before the evacuation of Tétouan by the Spanish troops. God protect you, etc."

Filled with enthusiasm for this second journey, Fortuny was very busy getting ready, and in his leisure moments began to study a little Arabic. He left Rome in September, 1862, and lost no time in reaching Africa. His intention was to push as far as Fez; but, not having been able to overtake a person who was making this journey, he was obliged to forego his intention. During his visit, which lasted two months,

every moment was employed in making drawings and studies in oil and water colors for his great picture. Thanks to the Arab dress he wore, he was enabled to make many excursions in the environs of Tanger, and twice went by sail from this city to Tétouan, in passing Fondach and Wad-Ras. Notwithstanding the heat and fatigue, he enjoyed perfect health, and reached home without accident. The only annoyance that happened was the loss of a box of colors, and a few sketches in oil which were stolen at Tanger, and which were fortunately recovered, thanks to a negro named Farragi, one of those called "King's Moors," who was his model on his first journey, and whose portrait, as I have said before, is now in the collection of M. W. H. Stewart.

On his return from Africa, in the month of December, he remained for some months in Barcelona, where the new studies he brought from Morocco made a sensation among the amateurs. During this visit he painted The Powder Fantasy (*Fantasia de la Poudre*) at the home of Buenaventura

Palau, his protector and adviser, and who always was his devoted friend. He presented this picture to his son on his fête day, March 19th, 1863. Fortuny, who had a high esteem and great affection for M. Palau, gave me a letter of introduction to him, and I owe to this excellent and honorable man many valuable details regarding our mutual friend. Fortuny spent some days at Reus during Carnival time, and there painted an Arab Sentinel (*Sentinelle Arabe*), wearing a white burnous, and holding a long gun in his hand. This little painting in oil on pasteboard, belongs to one of my friends in Tarragona. Shortly afterwards he went back to Rome, taking with him the friend of his youth, José Tapiró, who was always devotedly attached to him.

III.

1863—1869.

The Town Council of Barcelona Continues the Allowance to Fortuny—It Gives Up with His Consent the Painting of the Battle of Tétouan (Wad-Ras), which It afterwards Acquired—The Studio of "Papa Giulio"—First Trip to Naples—Sketches of Fortuny at Transtivere—He Paints a Ceiling for Queen Christine—The Duke de Rianzarès Continues the Allowance He Made Him at Barcelona—Journey of Fortuny to Madrid; His Works in This City; His Copies at the Museum—He Goes to Paris—Zamacois Introduces Him to M. Goupil—Fortuny Returns to Madrid—He Marries Mlle. Cecelia de Madrazo—Regnault Goes to His Atelier, and is Enthusiastic over His Works—M. W. H. Stewart Visits Him at Rome—First Attacks of Fever.

A FEW days after his arrival at Rome, the Academy of Barcelona advises Fortuny of its determination to continue his pension. "The Town Council, at its meet-

ing this day, (March 1st, 1863) has unanimously resolved to continue for two years, the annual pension of 8000 reaux, which the young Fortuny was enjoying when he was invited to go to Africa, to study incidents during the Morocco War, and has taken into consideration that this young painter, by the special qualities of genius revealed in his works, promises to add much honor to his country—by qualities of which the artistic world has already formed a high opinion. Moreover, moved only by a love of art, his life exposed to serious danger, he made a second voyage to Africa, remained four months at Tétouan and Tanger, studying the country, its manners and customs, in order to finish the great painting of the battle of the 4th of February, which he made at Rome for the Town Council; for this end he has consumed his small savings, and finds himself without means to continue his studies in the capital of the Catholic world, and to meet the always increasing expense of models, drawings, etc."

On the 17th of March following, the artist wrote to express his gratitude to the Council, which, on the 8th of April, advised him as follows, addressed by its third commission to the Civil Governor at its meeting of March 31st:

"When V. E., at the beginning of the year 1860, sent the young Mariano Fortuny to Africa, to study on the battle-field the stirring events of this glorious contest, and convey them on his canvas, so that the remembrance might be handed down to posterity, this artist was more impressed by lofty sentiments than by mere self-interest. Now, after the second journey made by Fortuny to Africa, and his conscientious studies in the very theatre of the war, and, taking in view the great progress made in his painting of the battle of Tétouan, it may well be said that V. E. has gained what it desired, which was to foster the genius of the artist, and to obtain a painting which will perpetuate the glorious deeds of the Spanish army. The commission deems it now time to relieve Fortuny from the obligations laid upon him."

At the end of this paper his engagements were enumerated, which were to forward four large paintings and six of moderate size, representing incidents in the war with Africa, and made manifest the disproportion that existed between his work and the sum of 40,000 reaux, absolutely insufficient for the expense of traveling, of models, canvas and other items, and plainly saying that to act otherwise would be consigning the young painter to want and misery in place of assuring his future, etc. The Town Council agreeing to this, Fortuny had only to think of his great painting, and energetically went at it, devoting every hour to the work. But the task he had undertaken proved much more weighty than he at first suspected it would be. Time slipped by, and the large canvas, though well advanced, could not be finished by the time named. It was settled that Fortuny should keep it, repaying the money advanced, which, in fact, he did. All those who have visited his studio in the *Via Flaminia* could but admire this vast panorama, where is displayed the

great feat of arms that awakened the enthusiasm of all Spain, enthusiasm which at this time I witnessed. In the centre of this picture, the foreground is devoted to Muley-Abbas, and many Morocco horsemen, who are flying in disorder. In the midst, the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army, General O'Donnell, surrounded by his staff, is calmly giving his orders, and, with sword in hand, points out to the infantry the route they should follow. General Prim is likewise easily recognized; the Generals Ros d'Olano and Echagüe are seen a little farther off. To the left you see in the distance the white tents of the Spanish camp, which stand out in bold relief upon the verdure. On the opposite side, clouds of smoke show the artillery have already begun action. The sea and the high mountains fill the background of this composition. On both sides of the foreground are the tents of the Morocco camp, the entrenchments of which are already in possession of the army; dead and wounded lie stretched on the ground;

camels and buffaloes are jostled by horsemen —in their headlong flight, overthrowing old men and half-clothed women. The skilful composition, brilliant coloring, and harmony of this work prove that the painter, though still very young, already felt that he had the ability to attempt the greatest subjects.

When Fortuny was so unexpectedly taken away, the Battle of Tétouan still remained in his studio. It was quite natural that this fine and important picture, painted for the Provincial Town Council of Barcelona, should finally belong to this town. M. Claudio wrote to me, proposing, in the name of the Town Council, that I should act as negotiator in the acquisition of this work. I eagerly accepted this flattering commission. One of the present members of this distinguished assembly, M. Pablo Milá, whom I have already mentioned as one of Fortuny's professors, proposed, in the meeting of the 15th of March, 1875, backed by several of his colleagues, to purchase for the city the largest of his works.

This motion having passed, the vice-

president, M. José Vilaseca y Selogas, informed me of it by a dispatch I received the same day. I answered that I rejoiced I had been able to aid in assuring to the handsome capital of Catalonia this remarkable work of the great Catalan artist, a work which will transmit to posterity the souvenir of a feat of arms, glorious for Spain, and particularly so for the brave Catalan volunteers.

In 1863 Fortuny made use of the leisure moments, left him by his large picture, to visit Naples for a few days, in company with his faithful Simonetti. It was during this trip he became acquainted with Morelli, a Neapolitan painter, whose work he had noticed at the Exposition in Florence, in 1861; he thought highly of him personally and of his talent, and was always his friend.

On his return to Rome, he made a small painting of three *odalisques*, and sold it for 100 francs to a Russian lady; he thought he was well paid, for, to tell the truth, it was but a slight sketch. I will name

another—*An Arab shoeing an Ass in a Stable*—a picture painted in *clair obscur* (*clairo obscuro*), as were many others he painted about this time. M. Sanz, one of his painter friends, owns a sketch of it. He made an *eau-forte*, of which I have seen a proof, very fine in effect, and which has never been published. He painted also, "The Amateur of Engravings" (*Amateur d'estampes*), and exchanged it for a Sardinian gun with Vincenzo Capobianchi, the son of a dealer in curiosities in the Via Babuino, who afterwards let M. Goupil have it. After the latter had sold it to M. W. H. Stewart, Fortuny retouched it, adding a striking likeness of this amateur, and M. Fol has a copy, for which he paid the artist 2500 francs.

Fortuny was never idle a moment; during the day, when not at work in his studio, he made sketches in the environs of the city, accompanied by some friend. Simonetti relates that one dark night they were attacked by several of those fierce dogs who watch the flocks of the herdsmen

(*pecorari*) of the Campagna around Rome. In spite of the danger, he was very cool; using their color boxes as bucklers, the two painters, while walking backwards, found shelter in a neighboring cabin. Again, under other circumstances, he had occasion to show his coolness and courage, but the sight of dead bodies deeply impressed him. One day, one of his artist friends, by name Visconti, *pensionnaire* at Florence, was drowned while bathing; Fortuny saw his corpse when laid on the beach, and was affected to such a degree, that for two months, it seemed to him this horror was constantly before his eyes.

On Sunday evening he generally supped at the *Osteria of Trastevere*, at, for instance, Cucciarello's, and there found many curious types to draw. During the week he spent most of his evenings in working from the model, or sometimes at those superb *eaux-fortes*, so sought for by amateurs. His first copy-plate, which is dated 1861, is of very small size (H. 97^{m}, L. 72^{m}); it is Arabs squatted before a door, over which is a

horse-shoe arch; in the distance a street of old houses with projecting roofs; below, on the right, the signature, "Fortuny," scarcely legible. This *eau-forte* is fine in color, and, in effect, recalls Descamps. It is a pleasure to me to present it as the first attempt of a young man, who was later as remarkable an aquafortist as he was a painter. The second in date is "The Morocco Family" (*Famille Marocaine*), which was published by Goupil & Co., and is the last in number of the suite of nine *eaux-fortes*, published by this house, the only ones (together with the *Portrait of Velasquez*, which Fortuny dedicated to me) which have as yet been published.

In the evening, Fortuny often etched on copper-plates from the live model, and often continued at work until late at night. Another *eau-forte* is given in this volume which was made during these evenings, and already marks a very skilful point. It represents a man naked to the waist, the head bent down, supporting a drapery with his hands, a pose suggesting the *Pouelleux of*

Murillo (H. 155^{m}, L. 96^{m}). It will not do to forget a curious souvenir of the artist's excursions in the Trastevere, the large *eau-forte* of *Meo-Patacca* (H. 396^{m}, L. 302^{m}) where the popular person illustrated by Pinelli is represented singing his loudest with a swaggering air, his vest over his shoulder, on his head a long felt hat, set off by flowers and feathers; two Trasteverins, in pointed hats, strut proudly behind him, accompanying him with mandoline and *chitarrone* with metallic cords; a lantern hanging above the party casts fantastic gleams on this night frolic. Fortuny also gave the same subject in sepia.

Later, in 1865, he engraved the *Victoire* and the *l'Idylle*, and the year following *The Arab watching the body of his dead friend*, and *The dead Arab*, both admirable plates, and both published by the Goupils; another, a smaller one, "The Fortune Teller" with the signature; another smaller one, *The Fortune Teller*, dated, "*Roma, 1876, Trastevere.*" I only here incidentally mention these *eaux-fortes*. I shall have

an opportunity of referring to them again during the progress of this work, and more fully so in the catalogue of the engraved works of Fortuny, which I intend hereafter to publish.

Among his works of this epoch is the canvas he painted for Queen Christine, which was intended for the ceiling of one of the salons of her hotel, in the Avenue of the Champs-Elysées; this painting, which was *Queen Christine reviewing her troops in the environs of Madrid*, is still to be found in its original place. Unfortunately it has been cut in the centre to make an opening for the chain of a chandelier. When Fortuny was at work on this painting he had been installed for some years in his studio in the *Via Flaminia*, which was some hundred steps from the *Porta del Popolo*, on the ground where formerly stood the old *Vigna di Papa Giulio*, so called, because Pope Julius III (towards the middle of the sixteenth century) had had a pleasure house built there by Vignole. To-day it is the Villa Riganti. A large

and almost uncultivated garden attached to the atelier enabled the artist to paint from his models in open air. He placed them at the desired distance, according to the place they should fill in the picture, and amused himself in directing their change of place by "blast of bugle free." His model at this period was Cugini, better known by his surname of Arlecchino, whom he brought to Paris in 1873. While working at the ceiling intended for the hotel in the Champs-Elysées, Fortuny gave lessons to the Princess del Drago, daughter of Queen Christine; he also began the portrait of his pupil which he never finished. When the town of Barcelona ceased paying his pension, it was continued by the Duc of Rianzarès, the husband of Queen Christine, until 1867.

Fortuny generally left his house early for the *Studio di Papa Giulio*, so he called his atelier; he sometimes slept there all night, stretched upon the straw, when he wished to begin work at daylight, always saying, he cared little for comfort. One

night, one of the large rooms which composed the atelier took fire just where this straw lay, and in a moment all was burnt up. By good fortune the fire did not extend to the other rooms; the loss was only of some sketches, paintings, and materials burned, and a monkey suffocated by the smoke.

Fortuny already showed consummate ability in water colors. He never let a day pass without hard work in that line. *The Sleeping Arab*, now belonging to M. W. H. Stewart, proves that at this time he was complete master of this branch of art. Simonetti states that in July, 1865, while on his way to Nettuno for sea bathing, he was taken with a stomach complaint, so severe that he was forced to put his pencils between his teeth, while painting a water color. He happily recovered after a few days of strict diet.

Fortuny lived at this time at No. 25 in the Via d'Avignonesi, together with his friends and countrymen, Moragas and Agrasot. He was soon after obliged to

move, and went to the corner of the streets *Della Purificazione* and *Sant' Isidoro.* In the summer of 1866 he went to Madrid. He took with him the picture of which I am about to speak—*The Amateur of Engravings*, which was much admired. M. Del Pallacio drew public attention to the young painter by an article in the illustrated journal of Madrid, of July 8th. This was doubtless one of the first articles written about him. He utilized this visit to the capital, as also that of the year after, by making many copies at the Royal Museum, principally in water colors, of works by Titian, Tintoret, Greco, Velasquez, Goya, and other masters.

In the autumn of the same year he went again to Paris, and met several painters—his countrymen—settled in this city, particularly Rico, Ferrandiz and Zamacois. The last named took him to M. Goupil, who at the first glance perceived his profoundly original talent, and forthwith bought many of his water colors, and, moreover, gave him orders at higher

prices than he had as yet received for his works, and opened for him a credit of 24,000 frs. per year. Still later, after Fortuny's marriage, M. Goupil proposed a similar arrangement such as he had practiced for many years with other painters of great renown—notably with Paul de la Roche and Gérome—that is to say, the purchase of his works at a fixed price, any profit in excess of this to be divided between him and Goupil.

In 1867 Fortuny again went to Madrid. His marriage with Mlle. Cecilia de Madrazo, daughter of M. Federico de Madrazo, director of the Royal Museum, was already arranged, and he wrote to one of his countrymen at Rome:

MADRID, *August 5th, 1867.*

DEAR MORAGAS:

I have but little to tell you. I beg you to do me a favor, without which I cannot marry. The Church asks for a document proving that I am a single man. I trust you can obtain it for me, after you have

made the necessary inquiries—it is, they tell me, a very simple matter. My marriage should take place in September, or October, at the latest; after which, I am off for Rome. I wish I were there now, to go quietly to work, for just now I can scarcely paint at all. Say to L— not to worry himself, but to despise such low envy, for he has talent enough to overtop such contemptible competitors. Thine,

FORTUNY.

He has told me that it was while often going to the sacristy of his parish church that the idea of his *Spanish Marriage* originated. He there made a slight sketch of it on a note of grayish tint, which was but the embryo of the picture, which afterwards became so celebrated. During his stay of several months at Madrid he frequently went to the museum, and made, among other copies, two fine water colors from Velasquez, and another after Vandyck. Among the pictures he copied in oil are the *Æsop*, and *Minnipe*, of Velasquez; the

Family of Charles IV, and several portraits of Goya, the *Saint Jerome* of Ribera, and many others. At this period he produced certain enrapturing water colors, particularly the *Mariposa* (Butterfly) and the *Arabs Feeding a Vulture*, now the property of M. Gargollo, at Madrid. A copy of the first belongs to M. Goyena, of Seville, and another, in oil, of the *Mariposa*, to M. Federico de Madrazo. He made two other subjects of the Carnival, one of which M. W. H. Stewart has; the other, an *Idylle*, same subject as his *eaux-fortes*—the *Interior of a Harem*, which he exchanged for an ancient sword with an antiquary of Madrid, and which belongs to the same amateur. During a trip to Seville he painted in oil studies from the *Plaza de Toros*, of the *Porte de l'Acazar*, and of the courtyard of this building. Also a superb sketch of the *Brindis del Espada*, that is to say, the salute of the bull-fighter, who, before killing the bull with the sword thrust, makes his bow to the President. On his return to Madrid he made a very fine drawing on

wood of some Arabs smoking. This block, wonderfully cut by Bernardo Rico, a brother of the landscape painter, was published in 1873 in a Madrid paper—the *Ilustracion.* While in Madrid, Fortuny from time to time wrote to his friend Simonetti. He had lent his studio to Zamacois, and had sent, by him, to his friend Simonetti, (with charge to install him,) the following letter, accompanied by a map indicating the Corso, the streets Babuino, and Ripetta, at the *Place du Peuple*, and an elevation of the front of the studio of *Papa Giulio.*

MADRID, *March 18th, 1868.*

MON CHER ATTILIO :—I believe you will be happy in making the acquaintance of the bearer, M. Zamacois, my friend, and of placing my studio at his disposition, should he wish to work there. You know what a good friend he is, and I know you well enough to know I need say no more in his favor. Your heart friend,

FORTUNY.

Henri Regnault was then at Rome; Zamacois was installed in Fortuny's atelier. He wrote on the 11th of March to M. A. Duparc: "I have seen some of Fortuny's studies, which are prodigies of color, and bold painting. Ah! what a painter that boy is! I have also seen two ravishing *eaux-fortes* by him. His pupil, Simonetti, who works in his studio, has shown me some charming things now under way. Two fine fellows, and how well they get on! What skill—how pleasing in color—what true genius—what spirit in the touch!"

Fortuny again wrote to his friend:—

Dear Attilio:—You know how much it pleases me to have news of my friends; write often to me, and renew in me the souvenir of our dear Rome. I see Zamacois has come to confirm what I have so often told you, and hereafter doubt not your future; and by God's help I can this time rejoice with you, in spite of our false friends. Work, work courageously. Strive to make yourself perfect in art. I have bought two

engravings by Rembrandt, some by Ribera, very scarce, and some unpublished by Goya. I am paying court now to two charming little paintings of Tiepolo. I have received some photographs of Gérome's works, and good news from Paris. Adieu. Write to me, and say good day for me to Zamacois, and to Moragas.

FORTUNY.

Shortly after, Fortuny again wrote to his friend, Simonetti, to ask for some serious advice. He already thought of leaving Madrid, to plant and sow his garden for the spring, so that his wife might be favorably impressed on her arrival at Rome. He soon after informed him when he would leave :

MADRID, *May 28th, 1868.*

MY DEAR ATTILIO :—I start for Rome next Monday. I have already forwarded my baggage. I wait now only for news of its shipment. I long to be at home and installed in my atelier. You will do all you

can to have everything in order—I mean cleaned—and all useless things gotten rid of. Tell the frame-maker to have all ready against my arrival, so that I can at once hang the studies I have made at Madrid. (Following are the sizes of thirteen frames: 0^m 42 by 0^m 59 to 1^m by 2^m 20). Among the old curiosities I have bought, are some swords; ask Corvisieri if it is necessary to have a permit for their entrance.

Believe me your friend,

FORTUNY.

On his return to Rome, he went to work without a moment's loss of time. His "Spanish Marriage" took much of his time, which, however, did not prevent his finding odd hours for water colors and pen-drawings, at which he generally worked in the evening. Among them I will mention the portrait of his friend, M. d'Épinay. He also made portraits of his friends and countrymen, Villegas, Moragas, and Frances. He made a short journey to Tuscany, and returned towards the end of the year to

Rome, from whence he wrote to his brother-in-law, M. de Madrazo:

ROME, *Dec. 30th, 1868.*

DEAR RAYMUNDO:—The Goupils have visited my atelier, and, it would seem, are pleased with "The Spanish Marriage." Goupil has proposed that I should go to Paris, where he offers to build me an atelier after my own taste; he talks much of the success of my painting, etc. He says that at Rome everybody imitates me, which is disgusting, and that, under these circumstances, I ought to leave here. I will be very glad to see M. W. H. Stewart, and as you are very intimate with him, you might ask him, when he comes, to put a small painting by Meissonier, or Stevens (if he has one), in his portmanteau, for we all wish to see good work which might improve us all—me, at least, for I lose my desire to paint, perhaps, because I see nothing pre-eminent. The water-color paper is excellent. I already work in the evening. I have spent eight days at Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn.

FORTUNY.

In the month of March, the year following, Henri Regnault, who had made the acquaintance of the Spanish painter, of whose water colors he had already been struck, at Madrid, wrote again to M. A. Duparc, of the impression he had experienced while in his atelier: "Day before yesterday I passed the whole day with Fortuny, and that has broken my arms and legs—he is wonderful, that fellow! What marvels are in his house! He is master of us all. If you could see the two or three pictures he is now finishing, and the water colors he has recently completed!!! It is that which disgusts me with mine—Oh, Fortuny! I can't sleep for you!" As to water colors, he wrote later: "I am not proud; Fortuny makes me pale with fear." It is something worthy of remark that the two artists, who mutually loved each other, never had the slightest feeling of envy, as too often happens. If Regnault was modest, Fortuny was not less so; he was equally interested in his friend's work. "Tell me," he wrote from Rome in 1869, to his brother-in-law,

Raymundo Madrazo, "how you like Prim's portrait by Regnault?" "It was with me," (M. d'Épinay writes to me) "that Regnault first visited the atelier of Fortuny. It was a revelation to Regnault—a thunderbolt. This visit was the spark that fired a loaded mine, just ready to explode. 'He is our master,' cried he; 'I can no longer see what I have done, or what I am doing; I shall tear my water colors. Look how a water color should be painted—what color, what charm, what drawing! Long live Spain—long live the East—long live Fortuny—immortality for Fortuny!' Indeed," adds M. d'Épinay, with true, sincere enthusiasm—"I give you his very words." M. W. H. Stewart came to Rome and saw Fortuny, who had promised him a water color. He wrote soon to his new friend to tell him of it, and at the same time to thank him for some objects intended to ornament his atelier.

Dear Sir and Friend:—I have the double pleasure of informing you that I have

sent the water color to Goupil, and in thanking you for your valuable present of Japanese armor and the two bronzes; I will tell you in my next letter what effect they have in my atelier. I long to be in Paris that I may see you, and enjoy your fine collection of pictures.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

PIAZZA, *Monte d'Oro, 94.*

In two letters, written shortly after to Simonetti, Fortuny speaks of having had several attacks of fever:

ROME, *June 18th, 1869.*

MY VERY DEAR SIMONETTI:—

I have had a second attack of fever, which seems to take the tertian form. I thought I would have an attack to-day, but it missed me; if I escape it on Sunday, I intend spending eight days at Naples, to see if the sea air will rid me of it. I have no news to tell you. I have changed the at-

tendants in my studio. Regnault has cut his beard off; Moragas starts for Spain, and the *Sirocco* blows all the time.

ROME, *July, 1869.*

While going into the churches looking for a background for my picture, I caught a fever, rheumatic at first, but it ended in a severe attack of *pernicious* fever. Happily, it yielded to quinine, and I am now out of danger, but very weak. I hope to gain a little strength before starting, and perhaps we may meet at Paris. Adieu! take care of yourself.

FORTUNY.

It will be noticed that the word "pernicious" is underlined in the second of these letters. It is probable Fortuny did not suspect how serious are these treacherous attacks of fever, so frequent in the climate of Rome, the return of which is, unhappily, almost always fatal.

IV.

1869—1871.

Fortuny Lives a Year in Paris—He Works in Gérome's Atelier—His Intercourse With Meissonier — "The Spanish Marriage" is Shown to Goupil—Extraordinary Sensation Caused by this Picture—Article by Théophile Gautier—"The Serpent Charmer"—"The Carpet Seller"—"The Library," etc. Leaves for Madrid, Seville and Granada. Fortuny is Installed near the Alhambra—His Letters to His Friends—His Taste for the Curious—His Purchases—His Sympathy for France During the Franco-German War. His Work at Granada.

SETTING out for Paris in the month of July, 1869, Fortuny was established, soon after his arrival, in the studio of Gérome, who had offered it to him during his absence. He could work to better advantage there than at M. Goupil's, who lived during the summer in the country, and had lent him his apartment, situated not far off. He

rapidly progressed, while there, with the "Spanish Marriage," which he finished at the *Maison Vallin*, No. 69, *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, where he remained until the month of November following. It was there he painted his *Serpent Charmers*, belonging to M. Ed. André, and for M. Goyena a smaller one of an Arab, as well as several water colors, among which two are all beauty—the *Carpet Merchant* and *The Library*. I remember I was not pleased with the background, and that we went to the *Cabinet des Estampes*, of which the sculpture exactly suited him, and where he returned many times to finish his work.

At this period he saw Meissonier from time to time, for whose talent he had great admiration, and whom he one day asked to lend him one of his studies that he might copy it. Meissonier posed one day before his young brother in art for one of the figures in the "Spanish Marriage." Fortuny made another portrait of him, the likeness of which is very striking. In this portrait, which I have seen in the studio of the

Via Flaminia, Meissonier is represented as bending backwards, and girt with a large curved sabre. I frequently saw Fortuny at this period of his stay in Paris, the longest he ever made there. A common taste for objects of art, which had first brought us together, strengthened our intimacy. As I spoke and wrote his mother-tongue, we could talk and write freely to each other, which was not so easy to him as with some of his Paris friends, for his natural timidity increased his embarrassment in expressing himself in French. He dined often with me in company with his wife, his brother-in-law and a few Spanish friends; on these occasions all etiquette was laid aside, and the evening was spent in talk, or in singing *séguidilles*, *jotas*, and *malagueñas*. Pagans let us hear his charming voice, accompanied by Rico, as skilful with the guitar as with the pencil, and we never separated until the *repertoire* was exhausted. Gustave Doré was sometimes of the party, as also was Eduardo de Beaumont, who was to the last one of Fortuny's best friends. Between

two *rondeaus* we discussed the shape of a sword, or an armor of the fifteenth century. Fortuny and Beaumont changed pencils, and sheets of paper were soon covered with sketches. One evening at Zamacois', Fortuny began the portrait of this painter on a plate of copper, to teach him the process of making *eaux-fortes*, and afterwards finished it in a few sittings. The author of the *Education of a Prince*, is there shown in profile, seated before a table. It was also in 1869 that he made three fine *eaux-fortes* in Rome, not as yet published: *Saint Jerome in the Desert*, *The Amateur of Plants* and *The Poet*. He had made, the year before, an *eau-forte* of an *Old Man*, after a veteran of the war of Independence, the porter of M. Federico de Madrazo.

Fortuny made pen drawings with wonderful skill. He delighted in illustrating the letters he wrote to intimate friends. M. W. H. Stewart, M. De Goyena, and the author of this book have a great number of these, which they preserve as valuable souvenirs. In the following, addressed to

M. Stewart, are two charming pen drawings, dashed off with uncommon spirit. One is of a marriage at a mayor's office in Paris, with types of the married couple and guests taken from life. In the other the artist has sketched himself and his brother-in-law, Ricardo de Madrazo, both buttoned up to the throat, crossing the *Champs Elysées* in the rain, while on the way to the wedding of our friend Rico.

Here is a letter which I translated from the Spanish, as I have done with those that follow:

PARIS, *last day of 1869.*

TO M. W. STEWART.

DEAR M. GUILLERMO:—I desired yesterday to wish you a happy New Year, but it was so cold, and I suffered so much from it the whole day, and the time slipped by I know not how. It is true that Rico's wedding was very tedious. As you were not there, I send you a sketch of one of the benches of the mayor's office—the bench of the married couples. Jesus! in all my life

I have never seen such ugly people. Your picture of the model arrived to-day. I expect to go to work at it as soon as I have finished the *Spanish Marriage;* it wants but little done, and I hope to give it to you in fifteen days.

Yours,

FORTUNY.

His stay in Paris did not make him forget his friends at Rome, as a letter to Simonetti proves. This last was, one may say, his only student, and he advised him, with the frankness of a true friend. "I do not pretend," he writes, "to make these remarks as your teacher, but I beg you to receive them as from a friend."

Fortuny, who could not abide etiquette and ceremony, saw but little of the world at Paris. "I go nowhere," he wrote to M. d'Épinay, on the 19th of February, 1870; "the other day Alexander Dumas, *fils*, brought me an invitation from the Princess Mathilde, and I don't even want to go there." It has been reported in regard to this, that

the painter refused the Princess' invitation because he did not have a dress coat; this is not exactly true. One morning Dumas did call to say, the Princess invited him to breakfast with her, but Fortuny had a horror of the black habit, white cravat, and stove-pipe hat. I remember one day, he told me of the anxiety he had felt on this subject, after his marriage, and how pleased he was when permitted to dispense with the exactions of fashion. He then told Dumas he was in despair, for he had no dress coat; "Well, then, come in a frock-coat"—and he went in a frock-coat to breakfast with the Princess Mathilde. At last Fortuny finished his *Spanish Marriage*. Exposed at Goupil's in the spring of 1870, this marvelous picture created extraordinary interest in Paris; a talent so original, so new, could not fail in exciting the enthusiasm of Théophile Gautier, which ably burst forth in his *feuilleton* of the official Journal of May 19th, 1870:—

"The name which has been the oftenest spoken for the past four months, in the

world of art, is surely that of Fortuny. One question never failed, when artists and amateurs met—'Have you seen Fortuny's paintings?' For Fortuny is a painter, so marvelously original, of finished talent, sure of himself, although the artist was barely within the age of a competitor for the *Prix de Rome.* It is an unexpected revelation, a sudden bursting forth for Paris, at least, that Fortuny has but to pass over. The traveled artists, and the students who came back from the Villa Medici, speak most highly of a young man admirably gifted, whom they consider of great force, working at Rome in a fantastic way, beyond all influence of schools. But the foreign name they mentioned, unsupported by any work, was not remembered. The *Spanish Marriage*, the *Serpent Charmer*—easel paintings; the *Carpet-Seller in Morocco*, the *Café of the Swallows*, *The Kief*,—water colors, of a strength of tone that compete with oil, give an incontestable value to the name of Fortuny, and prove that the reports about him have not at all been exaggerated. Be-

fore placing under the eyes of our readers (in so far as words can represent form and color), these original and charming works, a few lines of biographical notice of Fortuny may be proper."

Then follow some particulars, mostly incorrect, but nevertheless reiterated for some months past, in sundry necrological articles —thus Gautier gives the year of Fortuny's birth as 1839, instead of 1838, and adds that he gained the Prix de Rome in 1856, when it should be 1857. I will here add several details little known, concerning the picture, the description of which we are about to read. The scene does *not* represent the *Spanish Marriage* in Madrid, nor in any known sacristy. The painter borrowed his background from different churches; for instance, the railing belongs to the Cathedral of Granada, and other details to a church in Rome—that in which he contracted the dangerous fever in 1864. Two of the female figures are portraits of Madame Fortuny and Mlle. Isabel Madrazo, her sister. It was Meissonier who posed

or the *Señor*, of whom Gautier speaks: "he who holds himself so proudly, in a dress the color of green cabbage, with long skirts, belted with a wide belt, from which hangs a long cavalry sword."

"The Marriage, which Fortuny painted, took place in the sacristy of a church in Madrid, a vast hall, hung with old leather of Cordova, faded in color, sparsely embossed in gold. A railing, worked with a marvelous richness of foliage and arabesques, in the style of the Spanish, called *churrigueresco*, and which is similar to what the French call *rococo* (old-fashioned), separates the sacristy from the Church. Lamps hang from the ceiling. Paintings of martyrs, Venetian mirrors, with oval edges richly sculptured; wooden benches, curiously carved, and polished like metal, from long usage; a book-case, breast high, in which, in rows, are the missals, the gospels, the liturgies, and all these venerated works in folio, with copper corners and clasps, opened only on the reading-desk; large and small tables; a *brasero* of exquisite

workmanship, completes the furniture of this room, in which marriage certificates were signed; for there was not then, nor is there now, civil marriage in Spain. The costumes show that the scene is laid at the end of the last century or the beginning of this; the style somewhat like that in which Goya dresses the characters of his *Caprichos*.

"He is an old beau, still preserving some remains of elegance, about to marry a poor and pretty girl. He leans over the table in an attitude of affected ease, the leg stretched backwards, the feet turned out like a dancer, and places his signature just where an obsequious scrivener directs. The bridegroom wears a dress of deep pale lilac *à la francaise*, of the most fashionable cut, carrying under his arm a *claque* flattened into a half-moon shape; in bending forward it becomes apparent that he is slightly bald. The young bride thinks of nothing but her bridal dress, which is the freshest and most coquettish in the world: a robe of white satin covered with lace, in which flowers sparkle like

spangles; in her black, disheveled hair is a little cluster of orange flowers. While a friend is speaking to her, she gazes with an absent air at the colored drawing on her fan, the handsomest she ever owned. It would be hardly possible to imagine a more piquant head, or one more truly Spanish, with her long lashes which remind one of black butterflies fluttering over roses. Her friend is also very pretty, in her puffed petticoat of the brightest rose color. On the other side stands the mother, one of those old women who, in Spain, are familiarly called *Auntie Tomasas* or *Auntie Pelonas*, and suggests a witch, draped in "touch-me-not" clothes, from the *Rastro*, the old-clothes market of Madrid. A mantilla of black lace covers her head and shoulders, her narrow hips are confined by a close bodice, and her feet wobble about in old, loose shoes. A little in advance of the group stands proudly bent back a gentleman in a cabbage-green dress, with long skirts girded by a broad belt, from which hangs a cavalry sword.

He is a friend of the groom, or, perhaps, a godfather of the bride. Some women, showily dressed, are seen flirting their fans, among whom one distinguishes a lovely blonde drawing near to have a better view of the bride. One of these women is turning to give a piece of money to a penitent, who begs for souls in purgatory. A strange phantom is this masked penitent, naked to the waist, furrowed by cuts from the scourge of discipline, with his thin legs encased in black breeches. He carries on a waiter, in which to receive alms, a little soul, carved in wood, emerging from a fiery flame. In the corner of the same side is seated an old gentleman, whose shining spectacles in the blinding light give him the air of an owl. To the right in the foreground stretches, on a high-backed, wooden bench, a sturdy young fellow, with whiskers trimmed to a semi-circle on his cheek, in a clubbed queue, and wearing the embroidered vest, the sash, the short breeches and silk stockings of a bull-fighter. He must be an *espada* of some

fame, judging by the richness of his costume, and the proud nonchalance of his manner. Near him is a dark-skinned *manola*, in a flaring toilet, lolling with a pretentious air, and stretching out her feet, clad in high-heeled slippers, from under a straw-colored petticoat dotted with red roses. One hand plays with the fringe of the corsage, while the other flirts a large fan. On the back of the bench, some men lean with an air of respectful familiarity, clothed in the dress of a *majo*, who appears to belong to the company of bull-fighters. Nothing connects this group with the other, and all parties seem to be there on their own business; the bull-fighter and the *manola* await their chance to pass on. We must not forget in this description the priest, who stands near the table on which the old beau is leaning as he signs. It is a masterpiece of truth and skill! Let us point out two other priests, or sacristans, of wonderfully natural movements, who are arranging papers on a little desk, placed further to the left. The *brasero*, placed at the left

angle of the tableau, very skilfully furnishes this corner of the composition, which the artist, to avoid a too exact symmetry, has not crowded with as many figures as on the right side. Here we have, as near as possible, the plan and get up of the picture, but what is more difficult to describe, is the charming taste, the perfect grace, and unwonted originality of this painting, which has all the freshness of a sketch and all the finish of a most precious masterpiece. By the side of some bits broadly painted, are contrasted details of extraordinary finish, which determine and measure the mass, without detracting from their movement and suppleness. The fairest idea that could be given of this remarkable painting would be the sketch by Goya, taken and retouched by Meissonier. In truth, one finds here all the fantastic freedom of the Spanish painters, and all the conscientious truthfulness of the French: to that must be added the individuality of Fortuny, which makes the note vibrate between these two influences, neither of which domi-

nate. What harmony of color, in its daring, which fears not to borrow its tones from the Japanese palette, tones of rare exotics, reviving pearl grays and neutral brown! What lightness of touch, so spirituelle, so expressive! What knowledge of drawing in the small figures, so elegantly posed, so natural and so true in movement, in gesture so expressive!" One can add nothing to the wonderful description of Théophile Gautier, who has made sacred the reputation of Fortuny.

In the month of June, 1870, Fortuny left Paris for Madrid, where he remained a month, after having stopped at Seville, where he made a study of the *Escalier de la Casa de Pilatos*. He then went to Granada to live, and installed himself at the *Fonda de los Siete Suelos*, on the same hill as the Alhambra, some minutes walk from the ancient palace of the Moorish kings. The quiet of the place, which had so charmed Henri Regnault, the beauty of the climate, the ease of living, the poesy of the Moorish monuments—all delighted him

at Granada, and more than once he told me that the two years he passed there were among the happiest of his life. "Figure to yourself," he wrote to Simonetti soon after his arrival, "the Villa Borghèse on the summit of a mountain, surrounded by Moorish towns, and in the midst the most beautiful Arab palace, the elegance and ingenuity of ornament so great, that the walls seem to be covered with Guipure lace! No suffering from heat, and one lives with such freedom that you might believe you were at home. I expect to remain until September; afterwards I shall go to Seville, then to Morocco, where Regnault and Clairin are now settled and working." The taste and search for objects of art was at Granada, as at Rome, the favorite relaxation of Fortuny; his principal diversion was his work. Arms, stuffs, ancient embroideries, and, above all, the *Hispano-Moresque* porcelain were the objects of his preference. It was the history of these *Faiences*, published by me in 1861, that first led to our intimacy. At our first meeting

it seemed as if we had been long acquainted. Now and then, in leisure moments, the painter turned potter. One day he told his brother-in-law the result of these attempts. "Dear Raymundo," he wrote to him, "I went to a pottery the other day to attempt metallic reflections, and, notwithstanding the bad condition of the furnace, they turned out well. I have succeeded in getting one of them of a color and strength seen in but few dishes; thus it is not difficult. He who desires to follow it would soon reach perfection." He always had a notion of amusing himself by painting on porcelain, but he never carried it out.

In the letter he wrote from Granada soon after reaching there, Fortuny speaks of a magnificent vase of porcelain which he had discovered and hoped to buy. In the meantime he bought some splendid stuffs and a marvelous French manuscript of the fifteenth century. About this time the Franco-Prussian war began; France had already met with serious repulses; ancient hatred, that time should have effaced, re-

vived in Granada against a neighboring and friendly nation. Fortuny remembered the welcome he had received in Paris. His noble heart and lofty spirit were angered at such spite, and thus he wrote to M. De Madrazo, who, without fear, remained with us in Paris:

DEAR RAYMUNDO:—

I am sorry not to have heard from you, and to have had no news from Paris, particularly under the present circumstances. . . . I understand how sad the case is, but I would a thousand times rather be where you are than in Spain, where I witness partiality for Prussia and ill-will for France. I have not yet heard anyone who does them justice, or speaks with judgment. All—all wish the French defeated, and already see the Prussians in Paris. I tell you I have to blush at being a Spaniard in presence of the rascally sentiments of our countrymen. By chance comes news from Spain, over which they squabble, and then alter it. They deny what is favorable, while all that is

Prussian is puffed and glorified; finally, when the French are spoken of, it is only with a smile of pity. Add to this, that the Carlists have entered at different points, and that the Republicans think their last day has come. The Government pays nobody, not even the night watchman. Here in Granada they owe nine months for gas, in such a way, that the day the gas company loses patience, we shall be in darkness.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

Rome had become the Capital of Italy, and the son of Victor Emanuel mounted the throne of Spain. This event was the cause of his writing to his friend, Martin Rico, then at Madrid:

GRANADA, *Nov. 18th, 1870.*

MY DEAR MARTIN:—

If I have not written to you ere this, it is because of my habitual laziness; so do not be surprised at my doing so to-day, for, according to a newspaper I have just read,

it would seem that we Spaniards are all jubilant on account of the proclamation of King Amadeus, and that for such good news we should congratulate each other. What a pity you are not here to celebrate this happy event with *seguidilles* of four couplets each from your repertory.

We work enough, and desire to have our winter profitably employed, for subjects for pictures are not scarce here. I get good models very cheap. My painting is almost as good as that of ———. Come, then, my dear, and you will do a charitable action; we will encourage each other and not retrograde, which might easily happen in this blessed country. I am here because there are no painters here. It is more picturesque than Seville; living is cheaper by one-half, and one is entirely independent. I have a whole house for an atelier. One can paint in the open air without neighbors. I overlook the *Vega*, with all its grand and magnificent effect of sunshine and shadow.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *Nov. 25th, 1870.*

DEAR MARTIN:—I am delighted to learn that you feel inclined to come here. I think we can spend the winter profitably. We can paint courtyards and gypsies, when we please. Don't trouble yourself about Zamacois. He will not come, and if he did come he would not stay two weeks in Granada. You know his nature. This quiet and want of bustle would not suit him. I will trouble you to ask at the Escurial Library for an Asiatic manuscript of the year 1400, on the game of Chess; it is illuminated with miniatures, certainly Italian; see if it contains costumes, arms, and other details, suitable for paintings; in case it should I will have copies made for a small picture I intend to make.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

Fortuny could never again meet his poor friend, Zamacois, who was carried off by an attack of *angina pectoris.* He spoke of his grief to M. W. H. Stewart:

GRANADA, *Jan. 30th, 1871.*

DEAR M. GUILLERMO :—I wished to write to you of the death of Zamacois, but I was so full of sorrow, that my courage failed. I cannot yet believe that I shall never see him again, and it will be hard to fill his place in my remembrance. We work hard, and I will soon send something to Goupil. I have thought much of you and of your advice—thus you will see a little picture, with little figures, after the style of Meissonier, but without his merit.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

The small picture of which he speaks in this letter, and which belongs to M. W. H. Stewart, represents the "*Halte des Voyageurs;*" it is painted with marvelous elegance. M. de Goyena has a very pretty pen drawing of it. Fortuny wrote a letter after this time to this friend:

GRANADA, *Feb. 28th, 1871.*

DEAR FRIEND GOYENA: — Raymundo writes us that he is in good health, and that he suffered but little during the siege. He gave us sad news—the death of our friend, Regnault, who fell on the battle-field in the last *sortie*. What a misfortune! What will become of his old father and his friend, Clairin? We heard, too, to-day, of the death of Giraud. A fatal year for artists. I have finished two pictures, and I send you a sketch of the smallest, to give you an idea of it. Rico, who is with us, enlivens us with his guitar, and thanks you for your letter. When I shall have forwarded my pictures, I will play truant and run off to Seville. I think this will be towards the end of the month of March.

Yours,

FORTUNY.

The war was scarcely ended, ere it was followed by a more doleful struggle. Fortuny wrote to me asking news of his friends.

GRANADA, *March, 1871.*
Fonda de los Siete Suelos.

A MONSIEUR LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am happy that nothing has happened to you, in the midst of such misfortunes. I need not tell you how anxious I have been during the whole war in thinking of you; am hardly at ease now, for lo! the Commune again makes me tremble for you. And friend Beaumont, I trust he is well. As for me, I have some pictures begun, and many planned. Granada is an inexhaustible mine; but you know it and I will not dwell on it. I have a picture under way, and I hope it will turn out well, but it will be by making use of you for documents and details; no one at Paris can aid me better in this matter than you.

In regard to objects of art which I have met with, I will especially mention a very fine manuscript of the fifteenth century, ornamented with many well-preserved miniatures, and of the best style, with the arms and portrait of the owner, etc. I will have

photographs of it made, and send them to you, that you may give me your opinion about it. I have some books on fencing, for Beaumont, and a curious note relating to arms copied from a paper of the fourteenth century. Keep me posted as to news in art and curiosities.

Yours,

FORTUNY.

The vase Fortuny coveted he at length got possession of, and it was the ornament of his atelier in Granada. It is an extraordinary piece, which equals in size and beauty the famous vase of the Alhambra, and has, over the last named, the advantage of being complete. Another vase, also very curious, but imperfect, he obtained as a companion to the first. The happy amateur told his friends of his acquisitions. He sent a sketch of it to Simonetti, to M. de Goyena, and to Rico, and I received in a folio letter, the charming drawing of the vase, of which I have given a fac-simile in the catalogue of his sale.

GRANADA, *November 27th, 1871.*

A MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You cannot conceive the pleasure I have in receiving news of you. I wished to reply immediately, but I have been so occupied the last few days, owing to moving our residence, and arranging my atelier; I have been longer at it than I ought to have been. At last I am settled, and I can offer you my house whenever you will make use of it. I would have been glad to have been with you in Madrid, and also to have seen friend Doré; but when I come back from Africa, I shall hope to have at another time, the pleasure of seeing him in Spain. I shall be glad to see the ewer of enamelled glass you have bought; you know I am at your orders to make an *eau-forte* of it for you; only I beg of you not to delude yourself in regard to my skill; at any rate I will do the best I can. And have you bought many things in Spain? Here almost nothing is left; however, I cannot complain, for the little I

have found is good. Here is the sketch of an Arab vase; it is very handsome, and moreover in good condition; it is in color a yellow bistre, with reflections of mother of pearl and violet,; it pleases me much, on account of its ornaments, which are in the best Moorish style. I believe the *Azulejo* is equally interesting, which I have drawn for you below, and which measures only the trifle of $0^{m}.95$ by $0^{m}.45$; it also has metallic reflections, and the ornamentation is of exquisite taste; as yet I don't know the meaning of the inscriptions. In regard to armor, the sketch of this casque will please you; it is very plain, but of good shape and marvelously chiseled.* I shall

* This magnificent vase is in the catalogue of Fortuny's sale, and the drawing in question is thus produced in facsimile.

This square of faience, as rare from its size as from the beauty of its ornamentation, is of the fourteenth century, and bears on it this inscription: "Gloire a notre maitre le Sultan Aboul Hadjhadj Nacir l'din Illah," (Glory to our Master, the Sultan Aboul Hadjhadj, l'din Illah). It appeared at Fortuny's sale, as also did the handsome (Casque de Parement) dress helmet casque of the time of Charles V.

have the pleasure of showing it to Beaumont. The little vase is of glass, and appears curious to me, because the workmanship resembles that of the glass of Murano. The shape is pure Spanish-Arabic, the glass is greenish and thick. Tell me your opinion of all this. Keep me posted in news of art and curiosities. I am here as if in a village—the days are all alike, and one knows nothing. On the subject of my works, what shall I tell you? I have just about finished a little picture, which I think of sending to Goupil, and with which I am not very well satisfied; but he is insatiable, and I must always send him something. I have, in addition, several pictures sketched; there is one of them for which I hope to obtain success, particularly, because it is a view of the Court of Myrtals of the Alhambra. The motive is quite new. I want to represent an Arab guard-room, or entrance-hall of the Palace, and for that I need information about the costumes; you know the scarcity of these documents, and how few remain in Spain. I have had the

manuscripts overlooked in the Escurial, and have found but very little, that is why I do not hesitate to ask you, when you go to the Library, to inquire for the *Seances de Harîrî*, and to see if there is among the miniatures some Arabic or Moorish costumes; I shall be very grateful, and you will be of great use to me. Accept the love of your friend, FORTUNY.

My house is at your disposal—*Realejo Bajo*, No. 1.

GRANADA, *Dec. 26th, 1871.*

TO MONSIEUR LE BARON DAVILLIER.

DEAR BARON:—I have received your kind letter, which I will take as much care of as if it were a lump of gold, on account of the documents and notes it contains. I have found nothing in the way of Christian objects. It is necessary I should see M. Gongora, an antiquarian of this place. You know of the inscriptions found on the *Sacro Monte*, and the celebrated lawsuit of P. Echeverria about the counterfeit Christian antiquities. For the objects left

by the Catholic kings, Ferdinand and Isabella, we are more happy, for if all have not been preserved, there remains at least something. They still preserve in the *Capilla Real*, the objects you see here (following are four drawings representing the sword of Ferdinand, his crown, the sceptre and the coffer of Isabella). There is, besides, a book of hours of Isabella, the Catholic; the altar piece of her high altar for the country; the standards, carried off after the taking of Granada, and her magnificent *terno*,* embroidered with the arms of Castile and Aragon, of unique taste and richness. There were also tapestries, of which I have some fragments in very bad condition. I have in view a coffer of ivory of the same epoch as yours, but of a different shape; it is sufficiently well preserved, but the owner will only let me have it in exchange for a picture. How much have you paid for yours? I have no idea how much

* This is the name given in Spain to a complete ecclesiastic costume composed of the chasuble and two dalmatics.

I should pay, be it in money, or otherwise. If you should wish to have the cover of your coffer restored, I have an exact drawing of the one that was sold at Cordova.

I have collected some *faiences* ornamented with blue, with metallic reflections, exactly similar to those called *Siculo-Arabes;* nevertheless they are, without doubt, of Granada origin. I have met with some fragments of Arabic glass, which existed in the *Sala de Baños*, and of which Navagiero speaks. One sees nothing, in fact, of Arabian glass, though some of it has been found in some layers *babucheros*, uncovered by accident. I can say as much of some Arabic manuscripts with their envelopes of *tafilete.* The jewel, which represents a dragon, has not, I believe, its equal. (Follows the drawing of a jewel of enameled gold, from my collection, which Fortuny made from memory.) My paper is used up, and I still have many things to tell you and ask you. I have already treated you badly enough in sending you such an illegible letter. The win-

ning number of the lucky house, for which you have taken a ticket, has fallen to the owner. This house was not worth much, but the view from it is charming, and one might call it the balcony of the kingdom of Granada; I have lived in it for a year. My remembrances to our friends Beaumont and Pagans.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

The above letter is accompanied, as are most of those Fortuny addressed to me, by pen drawings, charming in execution. Among those which date from his sojourn in Granada, there are two which appear in this volume, one of which I ought particularly to point out. There is a little girl looking at a dead bird, which he drew one evening by lamplight at the table of the *Fonda de los Siete Suelos.* This precious drawing, which is the portrait of his daughter Marie Louisa at the age of three years, belongs to M. Federico de Madrazo. The other drawing belongs to M. De Goyena,

to whom Fortuny had presented it, adding thereto its dedication to him. It represents an Andalusian bull-fighter resting on a table, and whose bronze complexion belongs to the gypsy race. The head, framed in thick whiskers, is covered with a little black velvet cape, the "marseilles," or vest, covered with embroidery, is thrown over his shoulder, the short breeches and silk stockings complete the traditional costume. It is impossible to see anything more spiritually elegant than this ravishing little drawing. Neither should I forget a very beautiful drawing on wood, done with a split reed, such as those which the Arabs use, and which was engraved for a paper at Madrid, under the name of *Le Rançonneur.*

He had for a model one of those half-free galley slaves, employed on the works at the Alhambra, whom he made to pose in the position of a malefactor bound to a chair by ropes. There is another model of whom I should also say a few words, because he made use of him for many of his pictures and studies; he is a water

carrier of Granada, with a drunken face, whom he dressed in the costume of the personage he wished to represent. He figures notably in two of the charming pictures in the collection of M. W. H. Stewart, the *Arquebusier* and *The Drunkard.* Moreover, Fortuny never worked without a model; when any subject drew his attention, he first traced it rapidly, and immedi ately availed himself of nature to complete his first impression. He thus recalled a scene that had forcibly impressed him in Granada: *The burial during the Carnival.* Some maskers in grotesque costume are dancing in the open street; they meet the funeral of a young girl whose body is carried in an open coffin, as is the custom in Spain, and on whose face is the pallor of death. This great picture, which is of startling realism, remains unfinished, as does that of *The Cavalier*, a very fine impression, a souvenir of the last journey Fortuny made to Morocco at the end of the year 1871, and of which I will now say a few words.

Leaving Granada in the month of October

he embarked at Malaga with the painters Ferrandiz and Tapiró, his friends. After touching at Gibraltar they landed at Sangir, where they found Clairin, whom Fortuny had known with Regnault, their mutual friend, and who acted as cicerone for them with the greatest kindness. Fortuny has spoken to me several times of this sojourn, during which he began his picture of *The Knife Grinders.* He particularly remembered an Arabian fête Clairin gave the three travelers at his house.

They afterwards made a journey on horseback to Tétouan, and Fortuny explained to them, on the battle-field of Wad-Ras, all the ups and downs of fortune in the fight from which the Spaniards came forth conquerors. Besides the excursion of fifteen days to Morocco, Fortuny made another to Guadiz with Clairin, who had been to Granada to pay him a visit; the grand outlines of this mountainous country impressed him forcibly. According to his habit, he always had his pencil in hand, quickly sketching while his animal was

being saddled, or whilst eggs were cooking at the inn. We will follow Fortuny to the end of his sojourn in Granada, too soon interrupted, alas! by an unexpected circumstance.

V.

1872—1873.

Continuation of Fortuny's Stay in Granada—His Works and Amusements—His Skill in Forging and Inlaying Arms—His Sword or Moorish "Alfange"—He Goes to Seville for "la Feria" — An Unforeseen Event Obliges Him to Return to Rome for some Days—He Returns Definitely in the Month of November, 1873—A Store-House of Petroleum Under His Atelier—The Disgust He Feels for the New Capital of Italy—His Desire to Return to Spain—Journey to Naples—Fortuny Works at the Academy of St. Luc and at the Garden of the "Arcadiens"—He Installs Himself in the "Villa Martinori"—He Engraves in "Eau-forte" Several Portraits by Velasquez.

FORTUNY continued to live happily and quietly at Granada, in the midst of his family and some friends. Some time since he had left the *fonda de los Siete Suelos*, shortly before occupied by Henri Regnault,

and installed himself in a large house in the *Realejo Bajo*, at the foot of the hill on the summit of which is the Alhambra. You enter into a vast yard, surrounded by a colonnade, found in most of the houses of Granada. This court-yard served for an atelier, when he wished to work in open air. On one side a garden, from which was a splendid view, then the offices and a number of rooms; all this cost him a *duro* (5.25 frs.) per day rent—a price considered exorbitant in Granada. The time he stole from his work was employed in forging, chiseling and inlaying arms, works for which he had a strong passion, and which he executed with rare taste and skill, or in still further excursions in Granada, in search of his much-loved curiosities, and in correspondence with friends in Spain, Paris and Rome, whom he kept well informed as to his works, discoveries, and his acquisitions. Let us permit him to speak for himself; he will keep us posted as to his labors and recreations.

GRANADA, *January 2d, 1872.*

A MONSIEUR DE GOYENA.

MY DEAR GOYENA:—I am ashamed that I have been so long without writing to you, but I had not time, having been obliged to make, in all haste, a picture to be sold for the benefit of the victims at Chicago—the sale takes place in New York. I have also to write to Davillier on the subject of certain documents, but one finds nothing that one wants on the Christian inscriptions of the first centuries, etc. I send you a slight sketch of my picture of the *Tribunal de l'Alhambra.* This picture is sufficiently luminous, and I believe that it gives a good idea of the aspect of the place (such as it might have been at that epoch). I have also sent, besides the little picture for the Chicago sale, a small *Arquebusier* to please Goupil (who asks me for small things), and a little study of chickens, which Raymundo asks of me for M. Stewart. Your friend,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *January 10th, 1872.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—We are always very well here. I work enough, and in the evening I paint *Aquarelles*. I have sketched an interior with Arab musicians, and possibly it may turn out tolerably well, but I am so tired of making ancient Moors, that I think of stopping them. It is possible I may attempt to paint some modern subject. Goyena has sent me some very interesting embroideries, one altar-piece and some *chasubles*, which I believe to be of the time of Isabella, the Catholic, and perhaps even more ancient. It is a tissue woven with shackles of gold, like that which covers the cuirass, said to be Boabdil's, in the armory at Madrid.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *March, 1872.*

A MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received

your letter. I rejoice to learn that you intend visiting Andalusia. I will go to the *Feria* of Seville, and we will certainly see each other. On the subject of the *aquarelle* that some one has asked you to submit to me, I regret to have to tell you that I strongly doubt its authenticity. You will understand that if it was by me, I would have signed it, for there is not a painter, however humble he may be, who would offer anyone an *aquarelle* without signing it. I am sorry for M. ———, for no one likes to own a doubtful thing, especially when he has paid dearly for it. Be sure, however, that if it was by me I would sign it with pleasure, and retouch it if necessary.

Great news! I have bought an Arab vase of the same character, and possibly by the same hand, as that at the Alhambra. It is blue and ornamented with two stags, or gazelles, but in bad condition. I will send you a sketch of it, also a book on fencing for Beaumont. When you come do me the favor to bring me the *eaux-fortes*

that Jules Jacquemart has made after the collection of arms of M. de Nieuwerkerke. A thousand things to friends, and altogether

Yours,

FORTUNY.

Shortly after I went to Seville, where Fortuny awaited me, and when he saw the *aquarelle* that a certain person had begged me to submit to him, he laughed, saying it was a copy, and that he knew perfectly who did it. It appears this kind of industry has lately increased at Rome. "There is here now," one of his friends recently wrote me, "a workshop of false Fortunys, which are the joy and delight of foreigners!" *

It was the time of the *Feria* of Seville, that celebrated fair which attracts every year thousands from every part of Andalusia, where types and the most picturesque costumes abound. Raymundo de Madrazo

* To avoid similar frauds they have printed in red, on all the works offered at Fortuny's sale, a round stamp, having on it the red fac-simile of his signature.

was with us; the two brothers-in-law started in the morning, taking with them their color boxes, and rivaled each other in charming studies of popular types: such as bronze complexioned Gypsies, and pretty *buñoleras* in parti-colored costumes, who displayed many coquettish tricks to draw passers-by to their tents, where they cooked fritters in oil. A little while afterwards Fortuny started again for Granada, where I soon went to join him. He knew to its minutest details, this town so curious and so rich in souvenirs, that I had visited several times, and which I thought I thoroughly knew, but I was not long in convincing myself I had made a mistake. There was not a day he did not show me some interesting spot unknown to tourists. The old Moorish city had inspired him with such passion that, to do its honors to me, he neglected his studio. I was obliged to exact a promise from him that he should return to his work, too long interrupted by our promenades, and from which he had already stolen many hours while forging

arms. He showed me at this time a superb sword, or *alfange*, of Moorish shape, already well under way, and of which he afterwards made a weapon, fit for the use of a king of Granada. His intention was, as the letters which follow show, to pass the coming winter at Granada; unhappily, as will soon be seen, an unlooked for circumstance prevented his doing so, and even obliged him to make a fatiguing journey of eight days to Rome, before bidding farewell forever to Granada.

GRANADA, *May 3d, 1872.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—I have learned you intend coming here to pass the winter. I shall be very glad of it, because then we will not go to Italy, where, I believe, one would be badly off just now. Davillier is here; the Arab vase pleased him very much. Tell us all about what is going on, for you know we live here as if in Thebes.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *May 15th, 1872.*

TO MONS. W. H. STEWART.

MY DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—I have received your last, and without loss of time I have written to Simonetti to take from my studio *The Negro's Head* and to take it to you when you are in Paris. I doubt much whether this study will please you, when compared with the good things you have recently acquired, but you know it is a study without pretense, and I shall not be vexed if it does not please you. We continue painting, and I have begun a modern subject of to-day, but it seems bad to me; we will see what Raymundo says of it when he comes. One sees that the taste for painting grows, for here, where there are no painters, buyers are numerous; above all, foreigners who come to see the Alhambra. Lately I have had a chance of being unfaithful to Goupil. . . . . I have a desire to see your gallery, and since you are so kind, I will accept, if you still have them, the photographs of your late acquisi-

tions. Perhaps this will be a stimulus to us to work harder. Your friend embraces you,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *May, 1872.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I regret not to have known that you passed by Valladolid; I would have begged you to go and look at a lion of Arab bronze, for which I am in the market, that you might tell me whether it is an interesting object, and if it is worth the price asked for it. Nothing new at my house, unless it is, that, for the last five days, I have been packing my goods for Rome. I shall not start before a week, and I shall rejoice to find you still at Madrid, or else, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in Paris, where I expect to remain a week.

I am glad to have at last the rings and the Arab coffer, that we went to see together. I paid well for them, but I much prefer that than to have given a picture in

exchange; especially now that Goupil has made me an offer for the pictures I have commenced. Do you know how much? 450,000 francs!!! It seems to me, I have no reason to be sorry for my stay in Granada. I have also bought a dish with metallic reflections, the oldest and largest of those I own. They have brought here more than 200 modern ones, but ancient in appearance. A goldsmith of Cordova has bought 22,000 ounces of melted silver, coming from one of the oldest cathedrals in Spain. Imagine how many beautiful things forever lost! I have bought some beautiful embroideries.

Always your friend,

M. Fortuny.

The preceding letter led me to hope for a short visit at Paris, but it will be seen by the one which follows, addressed to a common friend, that he went to Rome without effecting this intention, limiting himself to a stay of one day at Madrid, and one at Nice:

GRANADA, *June, 1872.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—My chance is gone, in consequence of the death of my servant; all my plans are defeated. You know how I rejoiced in thinking of the pleasant winter we would spend somewhere in Spain, and how much I had promised myself to work. I must now renounce all that, and go to Rome to definitely arrange my affairs. You cannot conceive how wearisome is the journey I have made, and what I have had to expend to keep my studio one year more. Figure to yourself that they have doubled my rent by depriving me of half my grounds. The worst of it all is, that they take advantage of the opportunity to squeeze my purse, but all the while with much politeness. My dear friend, it pains me much. I have rented a house for a year, and not without a great deal of trouble, at 450 francs a month. Rome is unendurable, with its affectations of being a new Capital. I had intended to pass through Paris on my way home, but the journey is

so tiresome that I wanted to get through with it, as soon as possible, and I only stopped a day at Madrid to see the *Museo Arqueológico.*

I regret that M. W. H. Stewart has taken the trouble to send me a souvenir, as the *Tête de Nègre* was not worth the pains. Just think, it is one of my earliest pictures, and I don't know how it could have pleased him; having seen it hung from a distance, he might have thought it something better. I continue painting; I am about finishing some little pictures, and, by that means, progress with others, which I will finish at Rome—*piano, piano.*—And Gérome, what is he doing? Regards to all.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *July 8th, 1872.*

To MONS. W. H. STEWART.

DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—Simonetti has arrived, and brought me the souvenir you spoke of to me. I don't know how to thank you; there was no necessity for this,

to prove to me the friendship you have so often manifested to me. As to the pictures of which Rico speaks, I do not know to which he refers, for I have six under way, and to be more certain will send you the photographs in the order in which I finish them. I am delighted that you have the picture of the Alhambra. Simonetti has said to me that it produces a good effect. If you should have it photographed, I will be obliged to you for a copy, for I have not a sketch, or souvenir, of it.

From what you say, I see your collection is increased by some good pictures, and especially by one which pleased me much; it is *La femme au Parroquette* by Raymundo (a small *chef-d'œuvre* of M. de Madrazo, the brother-in-law of Fortuny). For certain we will stop in Paris all the month of October, on our way to Rome, where we will remain a year to settle my affairs. I much regret leaving Granada, because here I can go on better with what I have begun, and also, because this town is much more agreeable for me to work in, than Rome.

I want to know the pictures of *Alma Tadema* and those of Petenkofen; if you can send me photographs or engravings of them, I shall be grateful.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *August 24th, 1872.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

DEAR FRIEND:—I was very happy when I received your letter, for, in truth, I was very uneasy about you. As for me, as you know, I met with a misfortune at Rome. I started the same day I heard of it, fearing I should find everything upside down, and pillaged in my studio, but as they say, there is nothing so bad but that some good may come of it. It chanced, then, that the man who looks after my affairs, feeling indisposed, laid down on the lounge in my studio, after having locked himself in, and suddenly died there. His body remained there three days, until the authorities opened the doors. All remained in order, thanks to my friend, Vincenzo Capobianchi, who

took charge of everything. I remained but eight days in Rome, and with great trouble was occupied in hunting a house for this winter. This country is very distasteful to me, with its pretention of being the Capital of Italy; everything is dearer than at Paris, with much less comfort, and always fevers in the summer. We will pass the next season there, and we will find out whether we ought to remain there, or return to Spain. Frankly, do you not think that in our country (patriotism apart), one can find grander subjects, and, above all, more novelties? Shall I receive the agreeable news, of the acquisition of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, for I will greatly rejoice thereat? Naturally, you will put me under contribution to aid you with drawings, perhaps, or with documents, though with these last, I much fear the want of power. A thousand regards to Ed. de Beaumont, and that he should come to see me in Granada. Receive the regards of all of us, and particularly of your friend,

FORTUNY.

GRANADA, *August, 1872.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—We work much. I have already finished a picture in the costumes of to-day; and I have another representing Moors, which I do not expect to finish here, but I have drawn the figures that I might profit by the light of my court-yard. I believe I need to move about a little more, in order to see something more in the way of painting. And the attempt against the king—what a farce!! Here, the members of the International make great stir, and it seems to me something or other will happen. Here are nothing but strikes, and threats, nobody wants to work.

Thine,

MARIANO.

ROME, *December 28th, 1872.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—As you know, it is now a good many days since our return after a pleasant journey; but on arriv-

ing here, everything impressed me so unfavorably, that it makes me very sad. Afterwards I had to endure the ridiculous pretentions of the owner of my studio, who, not satisfied with the improvements I had made at my own expense, has taken from me half my grounds, all the while doubling the amount of my rent, and has turned the ground-floor into a store-house for petroleum. Imagine to yourself how tranquilly I could sleep, knowing, that all that which has cost me so much trouble to collect, could at any moment be blown into the air. Such are the civilities of the Italians of the new Capital. I am partly glad of what has happened, for it will hasten my return to Spain. Frankly, I don't know why I came here, knowing what it was. Finally, I am already resigned, and will go to work, and forget what country I am in. I have received your photograph of the portrait of Velasquez; the part in shadow, and the hair, are the least distinguishable. But I have begged my father-in-law, M. de Madrazo, to send me a drawing he has

made of the original, which will save my clearing up the obscure points. When I get it, I will begin the *eau-forte*, and if my hand is not too clumsy, I can make an interesting work of it.

In the way of antiquities, I have seen nothing curious during my journey, except the arms in Turin, and the exposition of the *Bargello* at Florence. I have seen Castellani, who was very friendly with me. He has some beautiful Italian *faiences* with metallic reflections, a large Hispano-Arab basin, of the same style as the dish with blue ornaments that you own, some Greek vases that you know, some handsome enough stuffs, but, nevertheless, less so than mine. I am very well satisfied with what little I have, for if I had to buy the same to-day, I would have to pay double or more, if even I had the luck to find them. Judging from the drawing you have sent, the Arab lamp seems to me not bad. I will take it, if it is permitted at a price that may seem reasonable to you. You will pardon my sending you such a long

letter; but you will understand, that, taking so much pleasure in talking to you, of all my affairs, it is but natural that I should impose upon so good a friend.

Yours,

FORTUNY.

The reading of the above letter shows that the new Capital of Italy was no longer for Fortuny his dear Rome of former times. The city where his talent was developed —where he had passed so many calm and happy days,—he found shaken by turbulent and pretentious politics. This repulsion consequently could not but increase, and a good number of his letters testify to the desire he had to settle in Spain. The following letter is accompanied by a pen-drawing, in which one sees a section of his studio; the artist himself, is there shown, seated before a picture, palette in hand. The ground floor is filled with numerous barrels, arranged as in a store-house, and on which is marked *Petroleo.*

ROME, *December, 1872.*

TO MONS. W. H. STEWART.

MY DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—I hope affairs progress as well on your side, as they do badly here with us. I have finished the picture for M. Gibson, and I have begun nothing new, for I wish, in the first place, to finish what I have brought from Spain, in order to go afterwards to my own country. I am weary of Rome, which every day loses some of its character, and I much prefer being in Andalusia, where life is so pleasant.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

The picture of which there is mention in the preceding letter, and which belongs to Mr. Gibson, of New York, represents the ancient town hall of Granada, a very picturesque old building, with balconies covered with flowers, and invaded by a luxurious vegetation; it is a marvel of color.

To Mons. le Baron Davillier.

Rome, *February 18th, 1873.*

My Very Dear Friend:—I have just received your very agreeable letter; I answer without rising from my seat, before being hindered by visits and the distractions of the Carnival. The lithographs I made while at Barcelona, for the romance of Dumas (*Les Trois Hommes Forts*), translated with the title of *El Mendigo Hiprocata* (*The Hypocritical Beggar*), has been published by a person named Busquets; I believe it will be easy to find this romance at Barcelona—unfortunately for me—because it is very bad. I wish there was no longer a copy in existence. Lo and behold we are Republicans! But I think with you this is not final — we will see. God grant my country may not be a Tower of Babel, in which we cannot understand each other. What will become of the museums, the churches, the monuments? I much regret not being in Spain at this moment. The Italians cannot digest their political change. My best remembrance to friend Beaumont;

tell him not to forget to send me the receipt for gilding iron. I am busy at this moment in coloring an ivory handle I have made for my Arab sword. I still have the petroleum store-house under my studio, but I think I have a way (*a l'Italienne*) to tire out the owner. At any rate, I hope to remain but a short time in this atelier, and it seems to me that Rome doesn't suit me. When you get the photographs of your Spanish glasses, send them to me, taking care that they shall be of the size in which I shall engrave them, in order to simplify my work. I have not yet commenced the other *eaux-fortes* I had projected, being much occupied with my paintings; but as soon as I shall be at liberty I will go to work at them with pleasure. During the last few days, I had almost decided to start for Sicily, in order to see the Arab vases that are in the Cathedral, at Mezzara, but I will go later. The large manufactory of arms and ancient bronzes that I have found here, continues on a large scale; I also know a goldsmith who makes

Etruscan figures in gold, and it seems he has sold them for antiques. Take care, beginners! You, happily, are safe. Do you know that the manuscript of Piccolpasso also gives the way to make metallic reflections? Monsignor Cajani has given me a copy of the receipt, which has not yet been published; it differs very slightly from the attempt I made at Granada; it is in the furnace that all the difficulty lies. A thousand remembrances to all. Your friend embraces you.

FORTUNY.

The *eaux-fortes* of which Fortuny speaks in the preceding letter, were intended to accompany a work that I prepared on *The art of glass making in Spain.* He was to engrave a set of *eaux-fortes* from the principal objects in his collection; he frequently spoke to me of this design, which, unhappily, he had not time to realize.

ROME, *February 28th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I have orna-

mented with Arabic characters, the handle of ivory which I have made for my Arab sword, and it has sufficient style. Here is the shape of another sword I think of mounting [here a drawing of the sword, and another of the ivory handle]. I thank you for the knob you offer me, although I have no need of it at this moment, but some day it will be of use to me. The Carnival is over, and I am going to work hard to make up for lost time. You are right in telling me that it is unpardonable in me not to work, but what would you? Life in large cities is not agreeable to me, it is always the same thing. As soon as I begin work, *ci va altro*. I am disappointed to find so few pictures of mine in Spain; all sell them, whilst foreigners give for my paintings prices which I cannot understand; in short, no man is a prophet in his own country. I have brought from Capobianchi two ivory coffers which appear to me to be Persian or Arabian; I shall make you a sketch of them that you may enlighten my uncertainty [the sketches follow]. What news

have you from Spain? It seems to me affairs are too much complicated, for the short time we have had a Republic; it will be a happiness if it does not end in anarchy. Much remembrance to all, and a thousand things for my family.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *March 5th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I compliment you on your purchase of the buckler, which should be magnificent, and I hope you will send me a photograph of it. Affairs in Spain displease me much; from what you told me in your last letter, I fear more serious events. Believe me, it costs me much to prolong my stay in Italy, when I see my country on the eve of a convulsion, and on the point of being a subject of shame to us, who are in a strange country. Here is the sketch of a small Byzantine enamel, pretty enough, that my friend Capobianchi has bought, and of which he wishes to

know the value; will you inform me? Nothing decided upon, as yet, on the subject of our leaving for Venice. I work, and I do not wish to leave off, until hot weather drives me from Rome. I have had news by Rico. It seems that when we go, we must employ some one to look for apartments for us. Little news in the way of antiquities. The manufacturer of false arms, whom I took you to see, not far from where I live, continues to thrive; they also make their coffers of chiseled iron, new bucklers, *repoussés*, etc. . . . I have already placed my vase on a bronze foot that I myself modeled in wax, and it seems to me that it does not look at all badly. I will send you a sketch in my next, that you may tell me what you think of it.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *April 27th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—We came back yesterday from Naples, where we

spent some days with Rico and his wife. Thanks for your kind letter. I have sent one to friend Beaumont with some notes. As it is in Spanish, do me the favor to translate it to him. . . . I have seen in the Museum at Naples a superb bust in bronze of Ferdinand of Aragon, of which here is the sketch. It is very interesting, and one can see it has been taken from nature by an artist of talent. What a pity it is not for sale! Affairs in Spain do not seem to settle. Where, then, can one travel safely? Your friend embraces you.

FORTUNY.

ROME, *May 26th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received your letter from Madrid. Your tapestry proves to be very handsome; after having been washed, the gold and silver have been entirely restored; the color has gained in freshness and strength. You can be easy, and, as we say in Spain, "You will have a handsome jewel." You have

no doubt heard of the theft of the crown of San Fernando! * What a misfortune if it be true! When I was at Seville with the Emperor of Brazil, it was taken down, and I had the pleasure of holding it in my hands. Without any doubt, it dates from the time of this prince. Its richness and its preservation were wonderful. After all, I hope the news is false, and that this will prove to be but a farce, to put the crown out of danger by a *coup de main.* What events we pass through! I work much, and we will soon start for Venice. Do you still think you also will come? I should be enchanted!

Yours,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *June, 1873.*

TO MONS. W. H. STEWART.

MY DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—I have received your two letters, and I am enchanted that the last little picture is to your

* The news was only too true; the crown was stolen; the jewels alone have been recovered.

taste. I continue to work at the picture of the *Academicians* and at that of the garden. (*The Academicians of Saint Luc examining a Model*, or *La Modela*, belonging to M. W. H. Stewart, and the *Garden of Arcadiens*, belonging to M. Heerin.) Petenkofen has come here, and we have parted very good friends. It appears, that my painting pleases him; he has even wished to see my most trifling sketches, and in return he has shown me nothing at all. It is true that his family even do not see his paintings, for he has, they say, a habit of effacing all he does. A thousand thanks for the advice you gave me in regard to my money. As to the 40,000 francs for M. Gibson's picture, if you do not wish to take care of them, you can place them in account current in any banking house you please. Dispose of your true friend,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *July 12th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Two words only, to

tell you that the cholera is at Venice. Here is the Official Bulletin of to-day. I cannot then suppose the report not true. Notwithstanding the pleasure I promised myself in spending the summer with you, I believe it would be better to postpone our project for the present. At Rome we have an atrocious heat, and my studio seems to me an oven. Nevertheless I work on. Do you think of visiting the Vienna Exposition? Your friend,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *August, 1873.*

To MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—We are not badly off here, better than I hoped; and if the heat is excessive, the house is cool. I paint in the studio, and the evening in the garden is very pleasant. I have already almost finished the picture of *La Modela.* As to the garden, the figures are well advanced. I have painted some flowers of the natural size from nature, and some trifling studies. It won't do to speak of Spain, and I believe

it will be a long time before we can quietly return there. With all that, I would prefer to be there, for, frankly, I am ashamed to be away under present circumstances. Do you think of going to Vienna in September? If it is possible, I would like well to see a universal exposition once in my life. I do not know whether you have received the Illustrations of Madrid. The engraving of the *Moor Smoking* has appeared, and you can write on my behalf to Bernardo Rico that I am well pleased. It is a pity that he has worked so hard on a drawing already old. Thine,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *August, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It is a long time since I am without news of you, but I hope that you are always in good health. I have nothing of importance to tell you. . . I can only tell you that, having determined to pass the winter here, I have leased a villa adjoining my studio, in order that I

shall lose no time, and utilize my mornings and evenings, for I do not think any one will come to keep company and gossip with us. Therefore, I will commence in the month of October the series of *eaux-fortes* of which I have spoken to you. I think, if circumstances permit, of going to the Exposition at Vienna, passing by Venice; you can tell me in that case if I can be of any use to you. Has my friend Simonetti been to see you on my part? Take care of yourself and dispose of your friend, FORTUNY.

ROME, *September 5th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I thought to send you the *eau-forte* (portrait of Velasquez) by the end of the month, but I could not work at it these last few days, being very busy in getting ready my winter quarters, and in ornamenting my studio. I have used for that, my stuffs, and other objects, in order that I may have before my eyes

the little I possess. When all is arranged, I will start for Venice or Vienna to idle away a few days, while waiting for winter. What have you new? A thousand thanks to our friend Beaumont; tell him I have received his letter and will respond to it.

Your friend embraces you,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *October 5th, 1873.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER, FLORENCE.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I shall be very glad to see you at Rome. It is two days since I got back. I have been to Venice with Rico, who ought already to be in Paris. I hope you will come as soon as possible, that we may be longer together.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

I arrived in Rome in the beginning of October and found Fortuny occupied with the preparation of his new instalment in the Villa Martinori, for which he was about leaving his little house in the *Via Gregor-*

iana above the *Place d'Espagne*, and of which the situation was healthier. A staircase, which he had had built, put his studio in communication with the new villa, which he could, alas! live in but a year.

ROME, *November 14th, 1873.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—A thousand thanks for your tracing of the handsome sword (of the fourteenth century). I shall never complain of your sending me too much, for I preserve, as if relics, these documents, which, as you know, will be useful hereafter. I have candelabras in gilt wood, would you believe it, of 1600? It is a pity that they are not of bronze. I have bought also, as you advised me to do, the sword of Corvisieri which, by chance, is similar to a dagger I have. We are already installed and perfectly comfortable. I have a meadow, garden, and woods, and a door of my studio communicates with the villa. I work hard; in six days I have painted a picture! I work much, and I find time for everything; this is what it is to be well in-

stalled! Thus when you do us the pleasure of coming here, we will have wherewith to offer you hospitality, if it is not what you deserve, at least, it is a little more comfortable than one small house in the *Via Gregoriana.* Goyena has sent me a beautiful present: it is a little *Brasero,* incrusted with silver. A thousand things to friend Beaumont; tell him I have at last received the helmet, and that I thank him a thousand times for the trouble he has taken in cleaning it.

Your true friend,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *December 7th, 1873.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—Thanks for your letter, and for the newspapers. I have at last finished the portrait of Velasquez—here is a bad proof which I have struck off myself, and which will enable you to judge of the impression, and of the tint most suitable for the plate. You will excuse me, if my *eau-forte* has not had better success, but

you know that the good will was not wanting, and when you come to reproduce an old picture, what with the restorations, and the damages it has sustained, it is manifest the original character may suffer therefrom. After all, I believe it will not be the worst of the portraits of Velasquez. Tell me frankly if you are satisfied with it, and of that you will give me proof, by asking me for other work of the same kind. The copper (plate) will leave here on the 9th, by the French express, under care of a friend belonging to our embassy. I am eager to receive your *Voyage d'Espagne*, and to read it from one end to the other. (Here follows the description of a good many objects of art, that Fortuny had in view.) I would be well pleased with all I have described to you, if I could have it amongst the furniture of my studio, but that is not possible for me. I devote all of my energy to painting—my old mistress, who already pardons any infidelities I have committed towards her, and promises to reward me if I continue true to her. Yours,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *December 30th, 1873.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I see with pleasure you have already received the copper plate of the *Velasquez*. I am much troubled about what is going on in Spain. It is a sad situation in which we find ourselves, and I don't know how it will end. What distresses me most, is that in Madrid they amuse themselves just as if nothing was the matter.

My father-in-law has bought me the helmet at the sale of Rosalès. I know it, and it is handsome enough. I believe it was sold above its value, but I do not regret it, because it will be for the widow's benefit.

Yours,

FORTUNY.

The portrait of *Velasquez*, of which there is mention in the preceding letter, is one of the most beautiful of Fortuny's *eaux-fortes*. I had told him that I have proposed to have reprinted, and to translate, the only copy (recently found in Spain) of a memoir

addressed to Phillip IV, by the great painter of Seville.* He offered to place for me, as frontispiece to the book, a portrait, at the foot of which he added the dedication. He made at the same time several other portraits of Velasquez, which have remained until now unpublished, and which form a very interesting part of his engraved work.

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* Memoirs by Velasquez on forty-one paintings, sent by Phillip IV to the Escurial; with introduction, translation and notes, by the Baron Davillier, and portrait of Velasquez, engraved in *eau-forte*, by Fortuny. Paris, Aubry, 1874, in 8vo.

VI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1874.

CONTINUATION OF FORTUNY'S RESIDENCE AT ROME. MARVELOUS ADORNMENT OF HIS STUDIO—HIS OPINION OF THE ROMAN CARNIVAL—HE TAKES PART IN THE ORGANIZATION OF A RETROSPECTIVE EXPOSITION—DEPARTURE FOR PARIS—HE THERE TAKES THE "ACADEMICIENS OF ST. LUC" AND THE "REHEARSAL OF A PLAY IN A GARDEN." SHORT STAY IN PARIS—WHY FORTUNY NEVER EXHIBITED—OUR JOURNEY TO LONDON—VISIT TO THE PAINTER MILLAIS—PROJECTS BY FORTUNY FOR THE FUTURE—RETURN TO PARIS AND DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

THE letters of Fortuny will show him to us, still working at his painting, and always devoting his idle moments to his passion for objects of art. It will even be seen that he was nominated a member of the Committee of Patrons, for an artistic and industrial exposition, organized in the ancient convent of San Lorenzo in Lucina.

He thus endeavored to forget the disgust, which he continued to feel for the new Capital; not that he had not good and old friends there, but different reasons, which he has himself explained to us, did not cease to increase every day his dislike for Rome, and his desire to establish himself in Spain. But his vast studio, where he had arranged, with exquisite taste, his splendid stuffs, his *faiences* with reflections of gold, his ancient arms, and a thousand other curious objects, made a veritable marvel of decoration, and it took rank among the sights of Rome, too often even it drew upon him troublesome visits. His installation in the adjoining villa was almost princely. He was petted and flattered by everybody, notwithstanding that he was, as he said, "worried without knowing why." Was it a presentiment?

ROME, *January 1st, 1874.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—We are at work just now, so I will not say much, but before we

go farther, and above all, we are well disposed for our work. The picture of the garden is almost finished, there is but the background to do, which remains in white, and I think of relieving it with ivy. I suppose that will not please you, and I regret it the more because you are in the right. At last and after all it is a painting begun in the open air and finished in the studio, and we know what comes of that. It is extremely cold and the fountains in the garden are covered with ice. Ferrandiz is here, and has rented a small house alongside of my atelier; so that he may paint in the open air, he has built for himself a sort of watch-box or confessional; and you would laugh heartily in seeing him thus at work.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *January 22d, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—You will perhaps think it is laziness that prevents

my writing to you; it is nothing of the sort. During the day I work much, and in the evening, at the hour I would like to write, we are seldom alone, contrary to what I desire. Friends and acquaintances do not find my new house too far off. To-day I take advantage of our being alone, to write to my good friends in Paris. Here there is nothing of particular importance. I continue to work and with much ardor, and also I do not think less about antiquities, *ma mi risirvo* for the time when I shall have finished all my pictures. I have bought in all three sword-knobs, of the same kind as the one from Milan, which you brought me, and, in addition, some medals. I wish I could now see your book on Velasquez. Will you kindly keep some copies for me, also three for my relations—Don Federico de Madrazo, D. Luis et D. Pedro de Madrazo. Thanks for the ancient paper you have put aside for me. I have also found some, and I have some sheets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I am reading Martial and he pleases me much—ob-

scenities apart. What curious things on the manners and private life of the Romans! I have found in him some magnificent subjects for painting, and I find it strange that painters have not made more use of these authors, to give to their work the true impress of antiquity. How do you like the shape of this sword? I have made it of several pieces, but all ancient. (Here follows the drawing of the sword.) Remembrances to all.

FORTUNY.

ROME, *February 16th, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received your letter with the proofs of the portrait of Velasquez. You will note my remarks. If it was anything else in question it would matter but little; but it is about Velasquez. In comparing the proofs you will see that the difference of the material makes either a good or a bad impression. The signature of Velasquez seems to me to come out well, but make them print

it in Bistre, to imitate the faded color of the original ink. Tell me if the drawing of the X-shaped arm-chair at the head of my letter will suit you. I have reproduced all the details from the manuscript of the "Rhyme" of Petrach, and it is as exact as possible.

Nothing new here. The Carnival continues to amuse the crowd; this year they have suppressed *La corsa de' barberi;* it is thus, little by little, all the ancient spectacles will disappear. There will soon be opened the new Retrospective Museum. I lately went there to hang some embroideries, which I have lent, but as yet there are few things of interest, and I much fear the Roman princes will not lend anything. In the first place, the location is bad in every way. By all means it is well to make a beginning, and when it is worth the trouble I will take pleasure in sending you an account of it. Simonetti has bought a very well-preserved dalmatic; it is of the fifteenth century, with ornaments and birds encircled by designs in Oriental style, in blue and

gold. It seems that the antiquary, believing it to be of the seventeenth century, let him have it at a bargain, and afterwards sold the *orfrois* to Castellani, so that you here see a fine object divided between two persons. My remembrances to friends, and

Entirely yours,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *February 20th, 1874.*

TO MONS. W. H. STEWART.

MY DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—I have a great desire to see you all, and had I not to work so hard, I would make a trip of some days to accompany my picture; but in thinking well over it, I believe it would be better it should go alone and be lost on the journey—such are the illusions and the hopes of success with which I send it. For God's sake, don't fail to send me photographs of something good, for at Rome we are in the dark. Here they see nothing—they know nothing. I would also much like to see something by Boldini; judging from what little I have seen of him, he

knows what he is about. I found to-day the card of Mons. M., who says he is one of your friends. If he calls again, I will receive him. While I am working I receive only those persons who are recommended to me by my friends. I believe Raymundo has handed you the photographs of my studio.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

ROME, *February 20th, 1874.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

MY DEAR MARTIN:—Nothing new in our life. I am tired enough without knowing why. All the world amuses itself during the Carnival and despoils foreigners. Many masquerades and triumphal cars, with the same characters and the same gilt paper as last year. The grand *fête* of the International Club was without any art. The best of all was that of Lenoir, which had some success and was much applauded, a thing that astonishes me, for these people understand and love only what comes from them-

selves, and consider everything French to be bad. I observe here a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which looks like what was passing in Paris before the war with Prussia, and I much fear it will end in the same way. There have been speeches in public, prophesying war with France, and the police do not interfere.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

The two preceding letters betray the vague despondency Fortuny felt. One can perceive that the Roman Carnival, with its masquerades of doubtful taste, was without attraction for him; he, however, found the way to make these popular *fêtes* useful, and to make a charming little panel from a balcony on the Corso despite the noise of the tumultuous crowd and a hailstorm of floured *confetti*. A short time after he aided in the organization of the Retrospective Exposition, of which I have spoken, and of which he sent me a summary description.

ROME, *March 28th, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received the four copies of your Velasquez, and I thank you much, also for having made mention of me in your very curious introduction. You will understand that if I have not written to you oftener, it is because I work so much, and then in truth living retired, as you know, I have but little news to tell you. I wished to write to you at Madrid, but I directed my letter to Barcelona, begging you to pay a visit on my behalf to M. Lorenzale. Here they have inaugurated the Artistic Industrial Museum, in the *Convent San Lorenzo in Lucina.* It is contained in five small rooms in the third story. In my character as member of the Committee of Patronage, I make you a short description of what it contains:

Salle I.—Ancient furniture and articles in carved work, some caskets ornamented with gilt plats of the fourteenth century; the reproduction of objects in the treasury of Monza; some choir books of little interest,

and the curb-stones from a well in Byzantine style.

Salle II.—Glasses of Murano; the Arab cup that we know (here a slight sketch of this cup); some dishes of Limoges enamel, with a number of very fine figures; some Italian and Spanish-Arabic *Faiences;* the Basin of Castellani, described as *siculo arabe;* some Greek vases.

Salle III.—Collections of modern Indian jewels, of pendants, of Italian ear-rings; some insignificant bronzes, etc.

Salle IV.—Ancient stuffs, that which is the best is the mitre of Simonetti, a dalmatic, of which here is a drawing, and some chasubles belonging to me.

Salle V.—The glasses of Salviati, and *Laus Deo*, that is all—you see it is very shabby for Rome—perhaps with time a more interesting exhibition could be made.

I finish my pictures for Goupil in order to be able to pass a less occupied summer. I long to pay you a visit, and I will do my best to do so, for it would in every way suit me exactly.

Yours, FORTUNY.

ROME, *April 4th, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received your letters, including that from Madrid, and yesterday the new copies of your Velasquez, for which I thank you much. They will suffice me, for if I do know many persons here, true friends are not very numerous; also I avoid giving away the least thing, for there are those here who would hurry off to sell it. I will tell you by way of change that I continue to work, but in truth, I already begin to be a little wearied (morally) of the kind of art, and of the pictures, that success has imposed upon me, and which (between us) are not the true interpretation of my kind of talent. With the grace of God, and with the hope that the result of my last pictures may prove favorable, I think of taking a little rest. I will do all in my power to pass some days in Paris, and I would also like to go to London to see the Museums and to collect documents for my paintings. Dumas, *fils*, came to see me in my studio;

he has much encouraged me, and, like you, advises me to free myself entirely from all influence of merchants and amateurs. His visit gave me great pleasure, for I esteem his ability highly. I am greatly pleased to see you are working at your book on the "Art of Glass" in Spain; without doubt, it will be curious, and I hope, when I am less busy, to make you some *eaux-fortes*.

Yours,

FORTUNY.

Shortly after this letter he started for and arrived at Paris on the 15th of May. He took with him two important pictures, which he had worked at for a long time: *The Academicians of Saint Luke choosing a Model* (*La Modela*) and *Rehearsal of a Play in a Garden* (*El jardin de los Arcades*), two compositions full of charm and originality. In the first is seen a group of academicians, in costume of the last century, examining the model who is offered to them—a naked young woman of slender form, poses, standing on a marble table. The artist has

placed the scene in one of the chambers of the Colonna Palace. Among the academicians, who are painted with wonderful fineness, it is easy to recognize the portrait of Lhéritier, of the Palais Royal. One evening Fortuny was present at a representation of "*La Cagnotte;*" the face of this excellent actor attracted him; he made a slight sketch of him in his pocket album, which he made use of afterwards, in making a most striking likeness of this personage. He sought inspiration from his friend d'Épinay, the statuary, but without recalling his features so exactly. When Henri Regnault for the first time visited Fortuny's studio, he greatly admired this picture, which was then but a sketch. M. d'Épinay, who accompanied him, told me that by the side of the model was the old mother, who, like an old witch, sat near the table, knitting, while watching over her spectacles the effect her daughter produced on the old professors. This figure, he assured me, was a master-piece; unfortunately, Fortuny was not satisfied with it, and erased

it. The spirit of the composition, the charm of color, the elegance of the details, which take away nothing from the general effect, all combine to make a charming picture, a marvel one never ceases to admire. The characters represented in the second picture are members of another academy, that of the Arcadiens, founded in Rome in 1695 by the celebrated jurisconsul and writer, Gravina. *Les Arcadi*, as they are still called, for the society has not died out, called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcady, and met together regularly in the Farnèse Gardens. The painter has placed the scene in a garden, encumbered with a luxuriant vegetation. (It is that of the *Adarves* at the Alhambra, which inspired him.) In the middle of the picture two Arcadiens (*Arcades ambo*), standing on an Eastern carpet, rehearse a piece in which they are to play; the shepherd reads his part with emphasis, the manuscript in one hand, and with the other he supports the shepherdess, who faints away, a movement replete with grace

and abandon. These two characters, as do those who look on at the rehearsal, wear the costume of the last century. All in this picture is painted in open air and with exquisite delicacy, characters and accessories; there is not a leaf, nor a petal, of which the details are not given with a minute reality, but which does not injure the general effect, and one is dismayed in thinking how much time such a work must have cost the artist. The picture of the *Arcadiens* had hardly reached Paris, when it was bought by M. Heeren for 90,000 francs, a price by no means surprising, since for the *Spanish Marriage* Madame Cassin had paid 70,000. As to the picture of the *Academicians*, it had for a long time been promised to M. W. H. Stewart, and soon occupied in his gallery the place of honor reserved for it. It could there only, as could also the *Arcadiens*, be admired but by a restricted number of amateurs.

It is known that Fortuny never exhibited. As more than once he has been reproached for this, I ought to say that the true reason

which kept him from exhibiting was his natural modesty, increased by the dread of notoriety. For the rest, let us leave the word with Théophile Gautier, who has well explained the excellent reasons for the absence of the artist:

"If exhibited at the Salon, as we hoped they would have been, his paintings and *aquarelles* would have made for him in the course of a few days a popular reputation; but the young painter, very wrongly we think, did not wish to venture into this great crowd of paintings, not from pride, or as was said, to make a little sanctuary for himself, but from true modesty, and the nervous sensitiveness of an artist that would be embarrassed with the thought, that during the whole period of the exhibition he, through his works, would be liable to the contradictory judgments of the crowd. Fortuny has had the happiness, so rare today, of freely blooming in a mysterious half light, distant from circles where criticism flourishes. No advice, however good, affected his first inspiration. He painted

what pleased him, giving free scope to his nature, and not having behind an eye armed as with a magnifying glass or spectacles, which curiously watches the growing work, and finds fault with it, even before it is finished. The thought of making a sensation at the exhibition, the torment of young painters, never occupied his mind, and he never troubled himself to learn what was the style of the day, or what kind of subject was in fashion."

The last visit of Fortuny to Paris was interrupted by a short journey I made together with him to London, and which I should still less omit here, as it has not been mentioned in any of the numerous obituaries that have been written upon him. It will be seen in the preceding letter that he spoke to me of his desire to visit the capital of England. Towards the end of May he proposed I should go with him to spend a week there. I accepted with eagerness, and we started on Sunday morning, the 1st of June, 1874. After a magnificent passage we reached London, of which the

first sight seemed dull to Fortuny, and in some degree reminded him of Gibraltar—without the sunlight. It was the height of the season, and we had to content ourselves in a little chamber with two beds, in the Spanish Hotel of M. Cortázar, near Oxford St. Moreover we had reduced our baggage to what was strictly necessary, firmly resolved to avoid all ceremonious visiting, and to refuse all invitations. Our time was to be devoted to monuments, museums, and studies of fashion. The day after our arrival a happy chance let us meet one of my friends, the Rev. Frederick K. Harford, of Westminster, who, with extreme politeness, insisted on our visiting the wonderful Gothic monument and all its details. Afterwards he presented us to Millais, who received his young brother in art, with the liveliest sympathy, and with that frankness which is one of the bright sides of the English character. The celebrated painter, even exacted from us the promise of another visit for the year following. The thought of another trip much pleased Fortuny. He

already wished to learn a little English, and on our return we went to Truchy to buy a guide to conversation and a dictionary. He also wished to see two painters he had known at Rome, Alma Tadema, and Leighton, but we did not find them at home.

During our stay in London, Fortuny had almost constantly, according to his habit, his pencil in his hand. We went out in the morning, intending to pass several hours at the British Museum, at South Kensington, or yet again at the Tower, or at the Indian Museum. In these different places Fortuny found many things that interested him much, especially arms and armor; he also quickly filled his album. When a visit too long continued at the museums began to weary our heads and eyes, we went to rest ourselves under the large trees of Hyde Park, or to look at the babies playing on the banks of the Serpentine. Then followed visits to Christy's, and excursions—unprofitable, it is true—to the *bric-a-brac* shops of Oxford, or Wardour Sts. The Zoological Garden so much

interested Fortuny that we passed a whole day there—where he found many subjects for studies, and it is memorable that he made there a delicious sketch from nature: A group of babies, fresh and rosy, mounted on a huge elephant; he purposed later to make a picture of it. After having passed part of an evening at the theatre, we retired to our little chamber with two beds, exhausted with fatigue, which did not prevent our talking until late in the night. During this trip of eight days we were not separated for a moment, and Fortuny made me the confidant, as he had already many times done, of his dreams and of his designs for the future. His fixed idea was, as his letters prove, to put himself safe above want of the absolute necessities of life, and to make for himself an independence that would allow him to paint what he would, as he understood it. *Como me de la Santisima gana*—he said to me; he wished solely to follow his inspiration without busying himself with the fashion in vogue, nor with the wants of amateurs and dealers. He had a

true passion for the fifteenth century, all the beauty of which he fully comprehended; he intended thereafter to attack subjects belonging to this interesting epoch, which he thoroughly knew, and of which the costumes and smallest details were familiar to him. He particularly spoke to me of a Borgian supper and other scenes, borrowed from the time of the Italian Renaissance.

When we returned to Paris, Fortuny was delighted with his trip to London, which we would renew the following year. "I have so many souvenirs in my head," he said to me, "that it will take me months to think it all out." Some days later, the 15th of June, he started to return to Rome. I accompanied him as far as the Lyons depôt, together with his brother-in-law, Raymundo, and we embraced him just as the train was starting, far from thinking we should never again see a friend we loved so much.

VII.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1874.

RETURN TO ROME—DEPARTURE FOR NAPLES—SOJOURN AT PORTICI—THE PUPILS OF THE ACADEMY OF NAPLES COME BY SEA TO SERENADE FORTUNY. HIS DESIRE FOR WORK — "THE BEACH AT PORTICI"—THE "TWO CHILDREN IN A JAPANESE SALON"—NUMEROUS STUDIES—"THE BUTCHER." LAST DRAWINGS—EXCURSIONS TO AMALFI AND RAVELLO—FORTUNY WRITES HIS LAST LETTER TO ME FROM ROME, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1874.

AFTER his trip to Paris and London, Fortuny did not long remain at Rome. After an absence of at least two months, on again seeing this city, his feeling was one of great vexation, and his constant thought was to leave it as soon as possible. He was anxious to escape from the atrocious heat of Rome, which from the beginning of summer had parched up his garden, neglected, moreover, by the people of the house, and which he compared to those

small landscapes made of cork. He determined a few days after his arrival to leave for Naples, with his wife and children.

ROME, *June, 1874.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—Here we are back at Rome, more *ennuied* than ever; I confess to you that this time the town is as hateful to me as it is to you. Add to this, that since I am here, I have not been able to sleep, whether it is on account of the heat, or because I am suffering from a cold and irritation of the bronchial tubes. You will have learned from Goyena a part of the tittle-tattle of Paris about the sale of my pictures. They have been well sold, and in such a way that I am satisfied, forgetting the bad times I went through at the beginning. We think to start soon for Naples, and afterwards to go to Venice, if you are still there. I do not expect to commence anything immediately, besides I could not work in my studio, which is like an oven; then the gardener has so

neglected the villa, that for want of watering there is no grass; it is like a desert scorched by the sun. Decidedly, these people are sluggards, and I comprehend the Romans and their slaves and the whip at will. Thine,

MARIANO.

ROME, *June, 1874.*

To MONS. W. H. STEWART.

MY DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—I have much regretted that I did not see you the last day I was at your house. When you came to say good-bye to my wife, she told me you were not at home; I thought I would be able to go there in the evening, but that proved to be impossible. It was nearly the same thing with Goyena and Davillier, whom I could not find at home, but whom I saw later. I repeat how much I regretted not being able to find you, because I wished to speak at length with you, and to trespass on your kindness and frankness in asking from you advice for the future, now that I have returned to Rome, and quietly think

upon my trip to Paris. I perceive for how much I have to thank you, my dear Mons. Guillermo, also my friends Goyena and Errazu. I learned at the last moment that the two pictures that MacLean bought of me were for Mons. Murrieta, of London, whom, without doubt, you know. I have been asked if I would let him have another picture, because he is building another gallery for himself, in which he reserves a good place for me. You should now be enjoying delightfully cool weather at Paris, or at Trouville, but here we are scorched; you cannot imagine what the heat is at Rome: our garden, thanks to the carelessness of the people of the house and the gardener, looks like landscapes made of cork, and the grass is like tinder. We cannot sleep at night, and I take advantage of that to write to you. We leave in a few days for Naples to let the children have sea-bathing; afterwards we go to Venice to join Rico and Raymundo.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

After passing a few days at Naples, Fortuny concluded to rent a country house on the sea-shore, known as the *Villa Arata*. He found there very comfortable accommodations, as will be seen by the following letter, in which he also tells us of a very picturesque serenade which the pupils of the Academy of Naples gave him.

PORTICI, *August 4th, 1874.*

TO MONS. MARTIN RICO.

MY DEAR MARTIN:—We are here for the last fifteen days, comfortably installed and bathing in the sea. I am well pleased that I decided to come here, as it is very convenient for summer quarters; there is no suffering from heat, thanks to the delightful coolness of the sea breeze, and besides we go from our house to the sea without being annoyed by any one. Life is comfortable and cheap. The inhabitants are good people enough, which is not always the case in this country; the result of all this is I work but little. I have seen some things that you would know how to

paint, so I shall leave them untouched until you come. I have begun a subject seen from the house. I do not wish to undertake anything immediately, in order that I may be entirely free this winter, and to be able to devote myself to my pictures at Rome. In the evening of the day before yesterday, the pupils of the Academy came to give me a serenade, after the fashion of this country. There were about forty of them with reed instruments, tambourine and *zambombas*, as in Spain. It was very peculiar in tone and very fantastical; afterwards they sang in a serious strain, but it was no longer that. I have a very good picture by Morelli, *The Resurrection of Jairus' Daughter.* Thine,

MARIANO.

To MONS. MARTIN RICO.

Villa Arata, 485 Corso Garibaldi, Portici.

DEAR MARTIN:—I have begun a sea-piece!! I don't know how it will turn out; and also studies of my babies, to give to my father-in-law, if they are successful. I have

discovered a very fine half-length figure by Morelli, and I will see if I can get hold of it—it has been sold for 1,000 francs.

Thine,

MARIANO.

M. Domenico Morelli, Director of the Academy of Naples, was one of Fortuny's best friends, whom he had known for more than ten years. Fortuny often spoke to me of this distinguished painter, whom he highly esteemed personally, as he also did his talent.

The following letter, addressed to one of his countrymen, alludes to certain persons, who begged him for some of his works, and who immediately hurried off to sell them. Fortuny has often told me how he felt this want of delicacy :

PORTICI, *August 5th, 1874.*

TO MONS. ANTONIO SISTERE.

MY DEAR FRIEND SISTERE :—I received your letter last evening, and I thank you much for your thoughtfulness in informing

me of the sale of the studies of which you speak, and which I remember well. I regret only that these should be works of no importance. I have given souvenirs to many friends—and enemies—who have sold them—but you, you have always acted with delicacy; therefore I repeat, I am very grateful to you. As I perceive that you are interested in my progress, I will tell you what I have done, and never more than to-day have I been anxious to produce something excellent. There was some merit in my two last pictures; but as they were made to sell, they had not the true stamp of individuality, compelled as I was to deal with the taste of to-day. But now I am fairly in the saddle, and can paint for myself, and according to my taste, all that which may please me. It is this which gives me hope of progress, and that I may show myself in my own form.

We pass the summer at the foot of Vesuvius, working as much as is possible. From time to time news comes from Spain to disturb our quiet. God grant that this

horrible state of affairs may soon come to an end. Your friend embraces you.

FORTUNY.

P. S.—I will send you the photographs of my pictures when made.

PORTICI, *August, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I learned from Rico that you were in the country, and I write that you may not think I have forgotten you. It is already a month that we have been here, near Herculaneum, on the slope of Vesuvius, enjoying this lovely country, and taking sea-baths, which, more than anything else, brought us here. As the sojourn here is very pleasant and comfortable, we will remain until the middle of October. I will afterwards go to Venice to catch Rico, and to make some studies. I have very little new to tell you, for we live very isolated, and do not even get the newspapers, moreover the news from our country is every day more sad. I busy myself with

my work only, and I believe I shall do well by my stay in the country. I have already two pictures, one of which gives me good hope. In the way of objects of art, I have bought nothing as yet. Do you know *San Domenico Maggiore?* It is a very interesting Church, on account of its tombs of the twelfth century, and of its sarcophagi, in which are preserved the remains of sundry personages; some of them are of the fifteenth century, with shields embellished in the same style with those Catholic kings. In one of these tombs the sword is hung beneath. In another is found the body (perfectly preserved) of the Knight Alphonso, of Arragon; his costume is very curious, because it proves that the same regular folds, observed in certain statues of that date, are the truth itself, and were stuffed with tow. I will make a drawing of it to send you. Did I tell you in my last letter that a friend had bought for me at Granada, an Arabian cloth? It is of a charming pattern, of exquisite taste, and

without doubt of Granada manufacture. Friendship for you and for Beaumont.

FORTUNY.

PORTICI, *September 4th, 1874.*

TO MONS. W. H. STEWART.

MY DEAR MONS. GUILLERMO:—We are here for the last two months, sea-bathing and enjoying this beautiful country. Our life here is so monotonous—the principal distraction, both for the big and little ones, is *Pulcinella.*

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

The Neapolitan Punchinello, before which is seen a group of ladies and children, is the subject of a charming pen-drawing, which figures in this letter; it is moreover enriched with two other sketches, dashed off with remarkable spirit; the first is a view of Portici, with Vesuvius in the distance; the second, two children on the seashore. Fortuny afterwards wrote to one of his countrymen, settled in Rome; the pros-

pect of returning to that city already frightened him.

PORTICI, *September, 1874.*

TO MONS. MARAGAS.

DEAR FRIEND MORAGAS:—We are always very well in this magnificent country, where subjects abound. I have worked hard, and I trust have not wasted my time. I regret having to return to Rome for the winter, for we are much better off here, where, above all, I can find new subjects to paint.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

PORTICI, *September 16th, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

I have received, my dear friend, your long letter, which has made me pass some very agreeable moments. Here we continue the same kind of life, I working as much as I can, for it is my sole pleasure. The rest of the family continue their sea-bathing, and find much benefit therefrom. I have received lately good news on the

subject of my pictures, of such kind that it is not impossible that in two months hence, I may pay you a visit. I have felt these last few days, reviving in me, symptoms of my passion for old curiosities; but I have the strength of will to stifle these temptations to infidelity; but all the time the fire smoulders under the ashes, until I shall have more leisure. You will see, as it were, a reflex of these trifles in this letter, in which I send you the sketch of an ivory casket, which, to tell you the truth, does not inspire me with much confidence. A friend has sent me from Assise, for my fête day, some fragments of arms of trifling value, but of great interest to me; a sword-knob, and poniard, which was found buried in a skull—I believe of the fourteenth century (the sketch follows). I have received another pretty present; it is a casket of bronze of the same epoch, and in good preservation.* Tell me something about

* This letter contains two drawings of this casket, that Madame Fortuny presented to her husband on the day of his fête, and which she has kindly offered to me, in remembrance of my friend.

the Exposition of Costumes. You can see by the little news I give you that we lead a very quiet life.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

PORTICI, *September 29th, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I do not intend to-day answering your long letter; I only mean to ask from you and Beaumont an opinion of a sword, which one of my friends possesses (the drawing of the sword follows). It seems to me handsome enough, but nobody better than you can instruct me on this subject. We expect to remain here until the end of next month, and then return to Rome. If my trip to Paris does not come off, I intend treating myself to a little excursion to Venice. I expect to write to you more at length one of these days.

Your friend,

FORTUNY.

PORTICI, *October, 1874.*

MONS. MARTIN RICO.

DEAR MARTIN:—Are you satisfied with your pictures? What is the news at Paris in the painting line? How are our friends? We are still here, but for a short time only, which I regret the more, because I certainly work here more than at Rome. Since I am no longer going to Venice, I will perhaps go to see a little village near here, very picturesque, it seems; and report says it is the most beautiful in Italy. Davillier also knows it, and advises me to go there. Remembrances to all.

Thine,

FORTUNY.

Fortuny, indeed, gave up his visit to Venice. For the three months that he was installed at Portici, he had worked with uncommon energy. Besides the two important pictures, the description of which I will give the reader as Fortuny gave it to me—a description in itself a little masterpiece—he had begun a great number of studies, of

which a part, unfortunately, remain unfinished. I ought here to make some remarks about one of the pictures to which Fortuny alludes in the following letter—"a canvas," said he to me, "which I will endeavor to sketch out before my departure," taking care to add, "but it will not be for sale, for nobody would buy it." The canvas in question remains unfinished. I do not know how better to give a true idea of it, than to borrow the description of it from an excellent article recently published in the "Official Journal," by M. Emile Bergerat.

"An exquisite sketch, and one which will become celebrated. It is 'The Butcher.' Before a white wall illumined by a ray of blinding sunlight, and splashed with blood, a slaughtered ox is stretched out; naked children are sitting on the beast; various pieces of meat, red, pink and brown, are hanging on the hooks of the stall; and to the left the butcher, with his close-shaved head, bluish in color, smiles at his knife as he wipes it. No description can possibly render the splendor of this study, which

will forever remain a masterpiece of painting." But let us permit Fortuny to speak:

PORTICI, *October 9th, 1874.*

TO MONS. THE BARON DAVILLIER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I regret much to learn that you have been suffering, and that I have not been in Paris to keep you company, for if lacking wit to amuse you, I could at least distract you, by prattling about old curiosities. On the subject of my works, I will speak only of my picture, which is 1 metre, 37 centimetres long, by 0^{m} 72 high. There are a good many figures, and I don't exactly know what to call it, as it is in some degree an epitome of my summer's life. Could I not call it *Villégiature*—"Country Life?" In fact there are women on the grass, bathers who are taking headers into the waves, the ruins of an old castle, the walls of a garden, the entrance into a village, etc., etc. All that in bright sunlight, not a single ray omitted; everything is fair and gay, and how could it be otherwise, since we have so happily

passed our summer? My picture is not yet finished; it wants a month's work yet. I have commenced another, a smaller one, with portraits of my two children, and besides a number of detached sketches, as well as two *aquarelles*—one tolerable, the other bad. I have in view several other things, one especially, that I will endeavor to sketch before my departure, but it will not be for sale, for nobody would buy it, only I will take the luxury of painting it for myself; it is in this that true painting consists. As to business matters (permit me to speak of them to you, for we have often talked about them, and I think our friendship authorizes me to do so), my prospects look well. I say *well*, for I am already offered 75,000 francs for the picture of "The Beach at Portici;" there are two bidders; one of them is here from Paris, and the other has written to me. I believe you know them.

I have always forgotten to speak of the altercation I had on your account, with a Sicilian collector of *d'hispano-arabes*

on my arrival. Speaking of the obscurity that exists on the question of *siculo arabes*, he began by telling me it was very clear to him that in your work* were many errors in relation to Sicily; to which I replied that I would not answer, not being sufficiently well posted. But I was not long in perceiving that he was very ignorant in regard to antiquities, and started the question of stuffs, by asking him if *he had* any of *siculo arabes*. He replied affirmatively, and mentioned especially altar-pieces ornamented with coral of the Norman period, and of other objects of the same kind. As I told him that I was a great lover of antique stuffs, he arrived shortly afterwards with a *Norman* altar-cloth ornamented with coral. Never in my life have I seen anything more odd or more vulgar. It seems impossible that there should be persons who, without having the slightest knowledge of the fashions and characteristics of different epochs, dare to judge and purchase objects of art.

* "History of Spanish-Moorish Faiences," Paris, 1861, in 8vo.

So, when he returns, I shall persuade him to write a book on the hispano-arabes. Would not that give us a hearty laugh?

A friend who has been to La Cava, near Naples, told me that he had seen in the Church some very ancient manuscripts; if I have the time I will go there to see them, and at the same time to see the country, which is very picturesque. I can no longer recall the name of that old and curious place of which you spoke to me. Is it Amalfi? Your friend,

FORTUNY.

The curious and ancient place of which I had spoken to Fortuny, is Ravello, a village situated on a height, a short distance from Amalfi. He made a short excursion there, in company with his countrymen, Tapiró and Ferrandiz. The time for leaving Portici drew near, and, as will be seen by the following letter, it was with regret that he concluded to pass the winter in old Rome—"*la vieille Rome:*"

PORTICI *October 13th, 1874.*

TO MONS. GOYENA.

MY DEAR GOYENA:—I have had news of you from friend Davillier. I do not know what errand calls you to Seville, only amuse yourself well, and think sometimes of poor painters, obliged to pass the winter in old Rome. It is a century since I have had news from Rico. I should like to go to see him at Venice. I have also a great desire to go to Sicily to see the pendant to my Moorish vase, but I do not know whether I shall have time, wishing to finish my picture by the end of the year. You have then had a good vintage? I regret not being an amateur, that I might ask you for a few bottles of your wine. I have worked enough, and as you certainly will not see my pictures, since you do not think of going to Paris, I will send you sketches of the most important—(important relatively). I have a number of rough outline sketches and studies, which do not count. This province is the most beautiful part of Italy; it is very like Andalusia, but with more va-

riety. Thus it has compelled me to work and to abandon the desire I had to pass my summer on my back. A young Neapolitan of much talent, has undertaken to make my bust; he has succeeded well enough, but as the likeness does not please me, I reserve it for a bird's nest, when I shall have my studio at Seville. I send you a sketch of it. Your friend,

FORTUNY.

The sketch named in this letter, for which I am indebted to the politeness of M. de Goyena, is one of the two portraits, the fac-similes of which are given at the beginning of this book. The other is reproduced from a drawing belonging to M. Federico de Madrazo, who has kindly sent it to me from Madrid. Fortuny had sent to several of his friends sketches from his bust, made in *terra-cotta* by the Neapolitan statuary, Gemito. The same letter contains two charming pen drawings, one representing the picture of the "Beach at Portici" or "Country Life," as Fortuny

called it, and of which the description is found in his letter to me of the 9th of October. I have had this drawing engraved for the catalogue of the sale, which takes place on the 26th of April of this year, (1875) when will be dispersed forever the works of this great artist. The other drawing enclosed in the letter addressed to M. de Goyena, of which I give the fac-simile, represents two children in a Japanese Salon, after a picture which, unhappily, remains unfinished. Fortuny has painted this picture lovingly. His two children, Maria Louisa and Mariano, had served him for models.

ROME, *November 7th, 1874.*

TO MONS. LE BARON DAVILLIER.

DEAR FRIEND:—Occupied with preparations for our return to Rome, I have neglected writing to you sooner. I am glad to hear that you are better. Here I am again in the Eternal City, vexed and wearied, without wish to paint, and a head as empty as a nest without birds. Doubt-

less they have flown away to Portici, where I spent the summer so pleasantly. It is a peculiarity of mine, and I have remarked it for some time past, that nothing more disgusts me with art than to find myself in an unartistic circle. When, on the contrary, I am in a place where there are no other pictures than those painted by the undersigned (it is of himself he speaks), I instantly feel faith and enthusiasm, such as I had at fifteen years. And when I think that there are those who believe that one cannot paint except in Paris, Rome and London!

Let us speak of other things. You must know, then, that I have seen and drawn some Arabian dishes, without doubt made in Spain, which date at least from the thirteenth century. It is very curious for us, at least for me, because they are much more typical and much older than those of the Cluny Museum. They are of a precious rare design, and of purer style than any we have seen; unfortunately the bottoms only are left, and one can see they

have been cut, in order to place them where they are. You have doubtless seen them, but without remarking them, for they are mixed up with surrounding Mosaics. I will reserve for my next letter their whereabouts and the drawings of them; meanwhile guess! When I tell you they are very beautiful, I know what I am saying.

Dreyfus has been to see me, with another amateur of ancient stuffs. He spoke to me of you, also of a Persian carpet, which is for sale, and of which he has promised to send me a photograph. You will buy it for me if it is possible.

Something else. There is a . . . . . here who goes about hunting documents and notes of information for my biography, making use of my model (Arlecchino), whom he pays 20 francs per sitting. Imagine what stupidities he will tell him, in order to make the job last as long as possible. I could not drag the name out of him, for naturally he fears to lose this streak of luck, but it seems ridiculous that since the question is about me, and I in

Rome, they should go to others for particulars.

As for the subject of my works, I have nothing new. I had thought of making a journey of a few days to Milan and Venice, but it was not possible. I was obliged to go to work for Du Boullay, and do for him what I had promised to do in exchange for his carpet. Send me news of yourself and tell me how the season looks.

Your affectionate friend,

FORTUNY.

I had other things to write to you about, but it is very late and they will do for my next.

Fortuny left Portici on the 1st of November, and arrived at Rome on the 6th. The day after he took his pen to give us news of himself, as seen in the above letter, the last, alas! he wrote. It plainly shows the despondency he felt on his return, bearing, as it were, the stamp of a fatal presentiment. A few days after, the 14th, he felt unwell,

and soon went to bed. It was thought his indisposition was but a slight one, and he himself did not suspect the gravity of his case. He made, without leaving his bed, some pen drawings, particularly some after the casts of Beethoven. On his return from Portici he had gone to work (in spite of the despondency he felt) to paint in his garden; continuing at work until dusk, notwithstanding the risk he ran in remaining so long in the open air, on low ground near the Tiber, and still damp from the torrents of rain of the preceding week. His illness was, however, very serious; it was the return of an attack of pernicious fever, from the ill effect of which he had already suffered in 1869, and which, was complicated by ulceration of the stomach. However, the physicians did not yet despair, but unhappily the disease rapidly grew worse, notwithstanding large doses of quinine, and Fortuny died on the 21st of November, 1874, at six o'clock in the evening, suffocated by vomiting blood. The news of the death of the great artist was as a thunderbolt in the

city. He was so beloved that no one could believe in such a loss. It was a general mourning.

It is necessary to go back as far as the fatal 6th of April, 1820, to find so great an impression produced in Rome by the death of a young painter. All contended for the sad honor of bearing the coffin to the church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, and thence to the cemetery of *San Lorenzo Fuori*. The Syndic of Rome, the Spanish Ambassador, the Director of the Academy of France, and the Director of the Academy of Naples, were selected for pall-bearers.

Fortuny was above middle height, robust in appearance; the frankness and truthfulness of his character were reflected in his face, which was both handsome and sympathetic. He had a horror of etiquette and ceremony, and his natural timidity made him reserved, one might almost say a little rough, with those whom he knew not intimately, showing himself, on the contrary, very genial with those he loved, avoiding trivial talk and

giving a serious turn to conversation. Surrounded by numerous flatterers, he distinguished, with extraordinary tact, true and disinterested friends, from egotists, speculators, and false brothers in art. As for him, he was the truest and most devoted friend a man could find; he despised envy and never descended to a feeling so base.

Fortuny had for music a very good and correct taste. Mozart and Beethoven were the masters he most admired. He loved reading much, especially the Latin historians and poets. His passion for curiosities is known. His collection, had he lived, would soon have become one of the most remarkable in Europe. His manual dexterity was marvelous, as the Moorish sword forged by him shows, of which the handle, inlaid with silver, and carved in ivory, equals the most beautiful ancient work. I have not the knowledge necessary to judge of the talent of Fortuny. Everyone knows that his individuality was very marked. If he had many imitators, it can be said he never sought to imitate anyone. I will add

nothing, then, to what Théophile Gautier and Henri Regnault have said. Many contemporary artists (I speak of those who hold the first rank) share their appreciation, and, doubtless, posterity will confirm the judgment they have given of one of the most extraordinary painters that ever lived.

REMINISCENCES AND NOTES.

THE following additional reminiscences and notes were given to me by my fellow-townsman, Wm. H. Stewart, of Philadelphia, Pa., the intimate friend and first American patron of Fortuny. As they may prove of interest to the general reader, I give them. He says:

I heard of Mariano Fortuny for the first time in January, 1868, through Edward Zamacois, the much lamented and talented artist, who died at Madrid, January 12th, 1871, at the early age of twenty-nine.

He it was who took me to the Messrs. Goupil & Co., No. 9 Rue Chaptral, Paris, to see some ten very fine water colors, and pen and ink drawings, just received from Rome, with Fortuny's signature. Four of these were immediately secured by me at a very modest price, and two or three months later Zamacois brought me word from these

dealers, that they had an oil painting by Fortuny, and I must at once go with him to see it.

We started on the instant, and found, at the Rue Chaptral, the *Fantasie Arabe*. My companion went into ecstacies, calling it "fire-works," "a pearl," "jewels," etc., at the same time whispering to me to buy it, and not to let it slip at any price. The sum named was comparatively trifling, and this fine work became mine.

I then determined to visit Rome and make the acquaintance of Fortuny, and in December, 1868, induced Zamacois, our common friend, to join me, telegraphing the artist in advance to engage rooms for us. I took with me a little painting by Meissonier, entitled *Suite d'un Jeu des Cartes*, as Fortuny had requested his brother-in-law, Madrazo, I should do, having seen, up to that time, only photographs of this great master's works.

On our arrival in the Eternal City, we found him awaiting us at the railway depôt, and were then conducted to the apartments

he had engaged for us on the Corso, not far from his own residence. His reception of me was extremely cordial, frank and open, for which, doubtless, I was indebted to Zamacois, of whom he was very fond. He soon took me into his intimate friendship, which terminated only with his death.

In person, Fortuny was the *beau ideal* of an artist, in the full vigor of youth, with the build and strength of an athlete, and rather above the medium height. His head, perhaps, was a little too large, but highly intellectual, and covered with a profusion of dark brown curly hair, and his eyes were a clear violet color, having a most anxious, inquiring expression. In manner, he was quiet and serious, but of an affectionate, gentle and most generous nature. Simply because I had complied with his modest request, in taking with me to Rome the little Meissonier painting mentioned above, he painted for me an *aquarelle*, called *An Arab Street*, dedicated it to me as his friend, and it is now considered one of the finest gems in my collection. Henri Regnault

served as a model for its principal and central figure. He obtained for me also another beautiful water color, which was nearly finished and on his easel, having been painted for d'Épinay, the French sculptor. This, and the *Arab Street*, I carried back in my trunk to Paris, and would have been pleased to have taken everything he had.

The *Vicaria*, or *Spanish Marriage*, was begun. I was not able to get it, as he was under contract to the Goupils, but he promised to finish the *Academicians Choosing a Model*, which I gladly accepted in its stead, and have congratulated myself ever since, on its acquisition.

Some of the incidents of our stay in Rome, will tend to prove the admiration in which he was held by those eminent artists, Zamacois and Regnault. The latter asked him why he never exhibited in the Paris Annual Salon, and he replied: "I have never anything worth the showing, and I am not a Frenchman, but why don't you?" "I have nothing," answered Reg-

nault. "Then," said Fortuny, "go and ask d'Épinay for the head you gave him, it is excellent. You can add some canvas and make a capital picture."

Regnault took his advice, got the head and carried it to Spain, and the result was the now celebrated painting, known as *Salome*, which he exhibited the following year, with his portrait of General Prim.

One day while we were in his studio watching him at work, he asked Zamacois to paint something for him as a souvenir of his visit. Zamacois began at once on a small panel the figure of *Arlequino*, Fortuny's favorite man model, and after working three or four hours and scratching out as many times, he gave up in despair, threw the little board into a corner and said to me: "Don Guillermo, *no puedo mas!*" (I cannot do any more.) We went into the garden, and Zamacois exclaimed: "I can now breathe freely, but I cannot do so where Mariano paints! He absorbs all the light, color and air; in fact, he is enough

to disgust one with one's own work, for he is the only one who can paint!"

On this same garden opened the studios of Moragas and the Duchess Casteglioné Colonna. The latter, known in art circles as Marcello, the sculptress, professed the greatest admiration for Fortuny and profited largely, by her proximity to his studio and the advice given therein. This may be seen in her bronze statue of a *Fury* under the main stairway of the Paris Opera House.

As stated by Davillier, in the spring of 1870, Fortuny came to the French capital, and installed himself and family in the Maison Valin, on the Champs Elysées. Here he finished the *Vicaria*, and his three most important *aquarelles*, *The Reader*, *The Turkish Carpet Dealer* and the *Torrero*. While at work on the *Vicaria*, the artist Meissonier dropped in to see him, just as he was in need of a suitable model for a cavalry officer, whom he wished to introduce into the picture. Hearing of his want the great French artist said: "I am the only man who has the proper legs for

the character you need, and if you will come out to Poissy I will serve as your model."

Fortuny accepted, went to Poissy and painted to the life this wonderful man. I am the happy possessor of this remarkable and curious portrait of Meissonier by Fortuny, through the generosity of his widow, who presented it to me, after her husband's death. The fact that Meissonier served as a model to the younger painter reveals the former's admiration, and that he was seriously impressed by this great genius, cannot be doubted.

A strange and sudden death occurred at the Maison Valin, while Fortuny was staying there. Canaveral, a friend of his, came from Spain, with about one hundred old paintings and some drawings, and went to the same house. Fortuny, assisted by Zamacois and Rico, endeavored to clean and arrange these paintings for exhibition, so that they might be sold for the benefit of his friend, but for a fortnight no purchaser appeared. At last a well-known dealer

called, and fell dead, while looking at the collection, and poor Canaveral failed to effect any sales. If I had not bought from him a very beautiful *aquarelle*, painted by our artist, and doubtless a present to his old friend, Carnaveral would have been without the means to return home with his pictures.

At that time I was residing in the Avenue d'Jena, and I shall never forget the day of Victor Noir's burial. He had been killed a few days before by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, at Auteuil. It seemed as if the entire working population of Paris had turned out, dressed in clean blouses, and armed with implements of their different trades, to do honor to the dead, or mischief to the living, who might oppose their demonstration. I started from home about ten in the morning, to go, with Zamacois and Fortuny, on a visit to Meissonier, at Poissy. We met this crowd of ill-disposed operatives, marching toward Neuilly, the residence of the mother of the deceased. Returning to Paris at 4.30 P.M., we parted with Zama-

cois at the St. Lazare Station, and Fortuny and I, taking a cab together, started for our homes, but on attempting to cross the Champs Elysées, near the Palais d'Industrie, we were prevented by a large body of cavalry and artillery, which occupied the space from the Rond Point, to the Place de la Concorde.

Facing this military mass, was another, of nearly 100,000 blouses, filling the Avenue des Champs Elysées as far as the Arc de Triomphe, and far beyond, into the Avenue de la Grande Armee. Arm-in-arm they came marching towards the troops, singing the Marseillaise, and headed by Henri Rochefort, who was riding in a cab. It appears that he had fainted, once or twice, during the day, from excitement or from fear of failure in his undertaking, which was to conduct the crowd past the Tuilleries Palace.

We were, of course, obliged to make a great detour, in order to reach our homes. This was the beginning of the end of the Second Empire, which was overthrown on the 4th of September following.

About this time, my wife, being anxious to have a portrait of me by Fortuny, asked him to paint one. He immediately said he would if she would let him have his painting of the "Antiquary." Taking this with him, he obtained a photograph of me, and a few days later returned the painting with my portrait introduced, which is considered by artists and friends, to be a most striking likeness. This same picture of the "Antiquary" he had given, a year or two previous, to Capo Bianchi, the dealer in Rome, in exchange for an Arab gun and a broken Venetian glass, these articles being worth about 200 francs.

Madrazo and I have often remarked that what seemed to strike strangers, on entering Fortuny's studio, was himself, more than his work. The living picture was really interesting: one could not fail to be impressed by that fine intellectual head, with its regular but expressive features, his appearance of full vigorous health, and his becoming, careless dress. His wife, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, seated

by his side, and mending an old piece of tapestry, while he painted, lent a charm to the picture, well calculated to draw one's first glances from even his brilliant creations.

Many of his evenings were passed at our house. He was fond of music and conversation, to both of which he was an attentive listener, though preferring often to be drawing, in which he frequently indulged when with us. He would sometimes take away with him a photographic portrait of some head or person, which happened to strike his fancy, and copy it most exactly in India ink or sepia. In this way, I have the likeness of one Amos Foster, known at Torresdale, Philadelphia, as "Bos"—copied so closely by Fortuny, that it is difficult to distinguish it from the photograph.

It was about this time that the *Vicaria* was finished and upon its easel. One day a gentleman called, and after admiring the picture greatly, said he would like to own something by the same artist. Messrs. Goyena and Madrazo being present, acted

as interpreters, as Fortuny could not then speak French, and replied that he could not promise, as he was under contract to the Goupils. The visitor, expressing much regret at this, concluded by giving Fortuny *carte blanche* to paint whatever he pleased for him without regard to price, handed his card to Goyena and departed. Goyena read aloud his card:

MONSIEUR DUGLAIRY,

Chef du Café Anglais.

Fortuny received it as a pleasantry, and would not believe the fact until he had read the card himself. The three friends, however, determined to visit this culinary artist and breakfast at his celebrated café the following day. When the hour arrived, they entered the dining rooms and said they preferred giving their orders to the *chef*, who shortly appeared. Recognizing the trio, he made many apologies for the manner in which his art suffered, owing to the use of mineral coal, in the economic cooking-ranges now in use, but said he

would do his best. He gave them indeed a splendid repast, after which he invited them to visit his Japanese collection, valued by experts, at more than one million francs. And this man is the head cook, and one of the present proprietors of the *Café Anglais!*

Fortuny left Paris late in the spring for Spain, and established himself and family in the Alhambra at Granada, in company with Rico and Ricardo Madrazo. Here he started work, on some of his finest inspirations. Little dreaming that we should be separated from Fortuny for so long a time, by the Franco-Prussian War, we started for Trouville, where we spent the months of July, August, September and part of October. The Prussian lines, however, were extending in every direction and encompassing the French, so I deemed it prudent to take my family to Torquay, England, where we passed nearly six months agreeably, occasionally hearing from Fortuny and Rico through Zamacois and Don Federico Madrazo, both of whom resided in Madrid.

On the 12th of January, 1871, Zamacois died in Madrid, and the sad news was announced to us by a letter from his widow, dated three days later.

Immediately after the surrender of Paris I went over with Saintin, a French artist, to the conquered capital for the purpose of looking after my affairs, and three or four days after our arrival, the reign of the Commune began. We remained, however, three weeks or more, until it became too hot for us, and then persuaded Madrazo—who had passed through the siege, serving manfully in the American Ambulance—to return to England with us, and in April we all moved to London. A week later Goupil & Co., who were established in the English metropolis, sent me word that they had received from Granada three paintings by Fortuny and two by Rico. We went to see them, and I bought two of Fortuny's and one of Rico's paintings.

When the Commune was put down, we returned to France, entering Paris two days after the Versailles, or government troops

took possession, and were in time to witness the Tuilleries, the Hotel de Ville, the Treasury, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and other buildings, still burning, and smouldering in ruins.

In the fall of 1871, during my absence in the United States, Fortuny sent two oil paintings to the Goupils. They were bought by MacLean, of London, who, failing to dispose of them without loss in England, returned them to Goupil for sale, where I found them on my return, and at once purchased both. It was evident that the British public did not appreciate Fortuny, nor had the French learned full confidence in his genius, till after his third visit to Paris, in 1873. As I was again absent in America at this time, I had not the pleasure of seeing him until the spring of 1874.

During his stay at the Alhambra he worked hard, and in the numerous letters I received from him while there, he expressed the greatest enjoyment in his occupations, and in the beauty, the quiet, and the climate of Granada. At times he sent me

photographs, and again, pen and ink drawings of what he had done, or was doing. In this way I was able to order the paintings owned by the Honorable Mr. A. E. Borie, and Mr. H. W. Gibson, of Philadelphia. Before leaving Granada for Rome, he sent a beautiful little oil painting of a fruit-stall, painted at the Alhambra, in which he introduced his wife and children, as a souvenir to Mrs. Stewart.

From Rome, he continued his intimate correspondence with me, all his letters containing beautiful sketches and drawings, which I have preserved most carefully, as marvels of art.

In 1874, as stated above, he came again to Paris, bringing with him the "Academicians Choosing a Model," which he painted for me; the "Poet's Garden," bought by Mr. Heeren; "An Arab Horseman," and a "Torso," for Mr. Errazu; "A Large Arab," with a wonderful background of carpets; "A Lady in a Garden;" "The Cochinos," a study of flowers, and the "Roman Carnival." The three last he took

back to Italy, intending to keep them for himself. During this last visit, I saw a great deal of him, and he left us, to return to Rome, in good spirits, saying that he was going to paint to please himself, and not the dealers. He complained, however, of his stomach and digestion, and was obliged to be very careful in his diet, but none of his friends gave the slightest thought to his complaint.

On Sunday, the 22d of November, 1874, Madrazo, Rico and Saintin came to breakfast with me. After we had finished, Madrazo told us he had received a telegram the night previous, announcing Fortuny's illness, and asking him to proceed to Rome immediately, but as the dispatch came too late, he was unable to take the express train until that same Sunday evening. We all concluded Fortuny's case was desperate, and could only hope for the best.

They left me, but at six in the evening Rico returned, sobbing, scarcely able to utter the words "He is dead."

The truth is, he died before the first dis-

patch was sent, as the second proved, which was sent simply to hasten Madrazo's departure. This was the end of one of the best of men, and of the greatest artists of his time.

The day after this sad news spread through Paris, Thomas Couture, the great French painter, called to express his sympathy, and shortly afterwards addressed to me the following note:

My Dear Stewart.

Oh, the beautiful things! I dreamed of them all night! They are the life, the light, the budding of spring, the colors with which God has painted his flowers. It is not painting, it is not work, it is not human! Butterflies, with their wings, have brushed his canvas, leaving their gorgeousness thereon, and the fairies have pressed their most beautiful flowers to color it.

All sparkles with sunshine and genius; all is transformed by a magic prism. The vulgar becomes poetic, and satire, amiable. The wasp, like the rose, with its rich booty, and with quivering wings, goes to relate to

her perfumed friends, our human ugliness, and I doubt not, she cannot make the cabbage B—— feel her sting, who, in the presence of these admirable works, has shown himself a double-headed cabbage!

Altogether yours,

T. Couture.

The latter part of this letter requires explanation. Mr. Charles Blanc, director of the "Beaux Arts," expressed himself unfavorably towards Fortuny's manner of painting, and wrote some severe and unjust criticisms on our artist's works. Hence this sharp reproof. Both Couture and Blanc are since dead.

Fortuny's furniture, and part of the arms, Venetian glass, embroideries, etc., which adorned his studio, were publicly sold at Rome, early in January, and produced a net profit of 55,000 francs. A large, and more valuable, remainder was sent to Paris with his unfinished paintings, studies, *aquarelles*, drawings, etc., and these were sold at auction on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of April, 1875, after the most spirited

and exciting bidding, perhaps, ever witnessed in that well-known locality, the Hotel Drouot. They produced 805,640 francs.

The *Battle of Tétouan* was reserved, that the city of Barcelona might have the opportunity of securing this splendid, although unfinished, work, as they had already ordered it of him. The sum of 50,000 francs was paid for it, and the picture now hangs in the town hall of that city.

The net proceeds of all these sales realized 830,000 francs, to which must be added 300,000 francs in his possession at the time of his death, and the value (about 132,000 francs) of paintings, albums, etc., which he had given to his wife during his lifetime, all of which she has sacredly kept.

By putting these sums together, it will be found that he left, to his heirs, 1,206,200 francs, which he had gathered in seven years; that is, from 1867, when he was actually obliged to sell some *aquarelles*, to obtain a few hundred francs for the expenses of his marriage, to 1874.

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